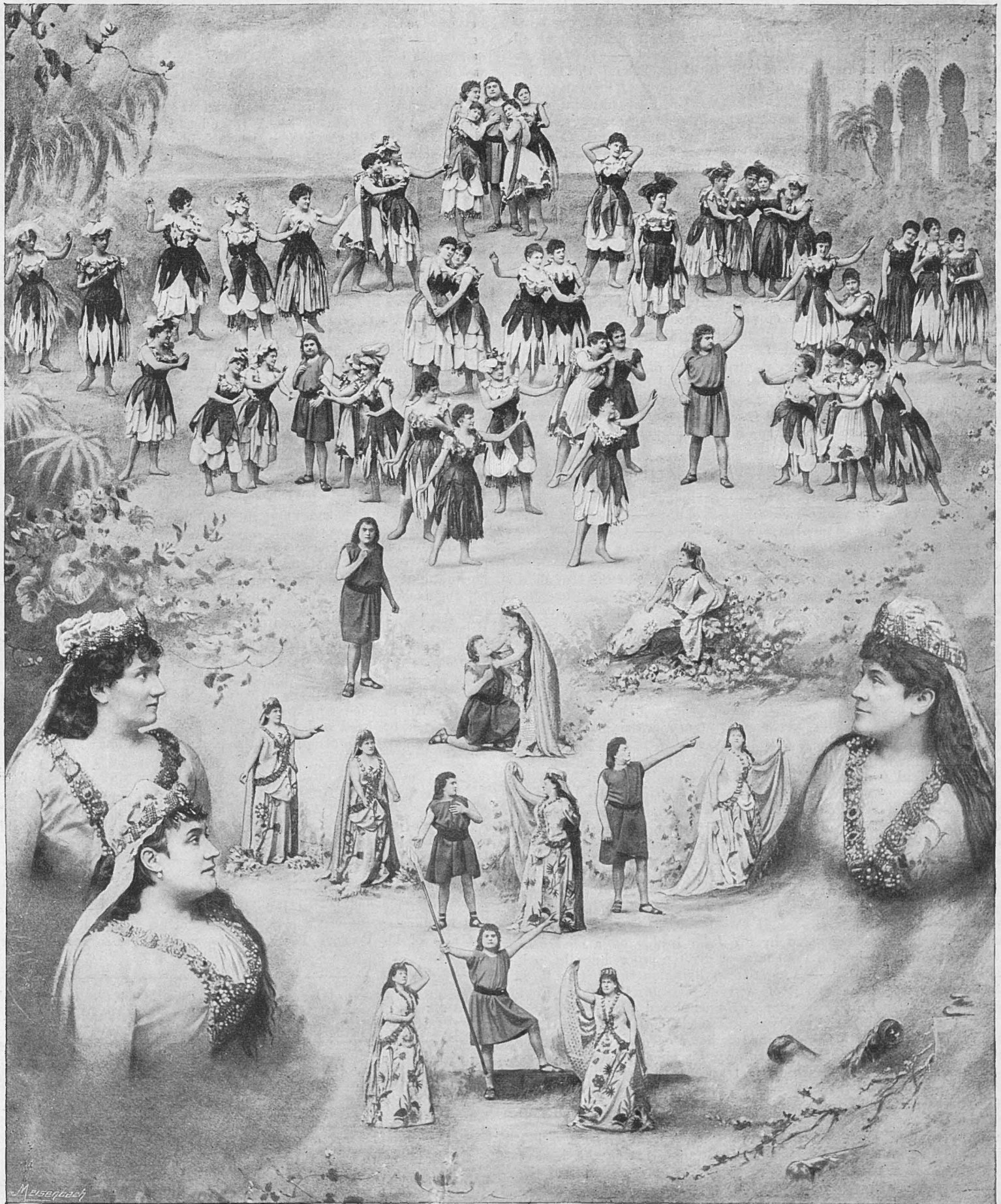


# THE SKETCH.

No. 81.—VOL. VII.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1894.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6d.



"PARSIFAL," AT BAYREUTH.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HÖFFERT, BERLIN.



## THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday.

A number of petty hostilities are reported as having taken place between the Chinese and the Japanese. The Korean insurgents, whose successes precipitated the struggle, have issued a manifesto which, while extolling the virtues of the King, deprecates the venality of his advisers, the Ministers. These men, say the insurgents, stand between the monarch and his people, who are sinking in misery and poverty, while the nobles make haste to "grow rich and fat."—Beautiful weather favoured the yachting festivities at Cowes. The Queen's Cup was won by Admiral Montagu's Carina, the Kaiser's Meteor being second. The Britannia was disqualified. In the evening the Emperor was entertained by the Royal Yacht Squadron.—The Rev. J. L. G. Mowat, Fellow, Senior Bursar, and Librarian of Pembroke College, Oxford, and a Curator of the Bodleian Library, was found hanging from the doors of his rooms, in which, curiously enough, Professor Chandler, also Fellow of Pembroke and a Curator of the Bodleian, committed suicide five years ago. Mr. Mowat was forty-eight.—The Chilian Government failed in the Court of Appeal to obtain from the London and River Plate Bank the value of the silver, £140,000, deposited with it in 1891 by President Balmaceda. The Court held that at the time the bullion was deposited Balmaceda represented the *de facto* Government of the republic.—Six men were remanded at the Thames Police Court on the charge of stealing four blocks of silver, weighing 8000 oz. and valued at £1200, from Messrs. Lock, Lancaster, and Co., silver refiners, Limehouse.—A steamer from St. Petersburg arrived off Gravesend and reported the death of one of the crew from cholera.—The King of Denmark accepted the resignation of M. Estrup, who has been head of the Ministry since 1875. Baron de Reedtz-Thott, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, becomes Premier.

Wednesday.

The British Association opened its meetings in Oxford. The President, Lord Salisbury, delivered his inaugural address before a crowded audience in the Sheldonian Theatre. He discussed the limitations of the Darwinian theory, and endorsed the view expressed by Lord Kelvin that the hypothesis of natural selection does not contain the true theory of evolution.—The Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos was married to Lord Egerton of Tatton in the private chapel at Lambeth Palace.—The German Emperor dined with the Queen at Osborne.—Mr. Peter Esslemont, chairman of the Scottish Fishery Board, succumbed to a painful illness.—It is reported that the efforts of Great Britain and Russia to bring about a pacific settlement of the Chino-Japanese struggle have failed.—A plot has been discovered to blow up the Maritime Prefecture at L'Orient.—Earthquake shocks have been experienced in Italy, causing considerable loss of life.—A terrible storm has done much damage in the Bavarian highlands.—The members of the Wellman Arctic expedition bore great sufferings after the Ragnvald Jarl was crushed in the ice and before they reached Tromsø.—The trade returns of Cape Colony for the first six months of the year show an increase on the corresponding period of last year of over £1,000,000 in exports and of nearly £500,000 in imports.

Thursday.

The Cowes Town Cup was won by the Britannia, beating the Vigilant. The Meteor did not compete, but the Kaiser followed in the wake of the contesting yachts on board her. In the evening he and the Prince of Wales dined on board Lord Lonsdale's yacht, the Verena.—Presidential addresses were delivered in the various sections of the British Association at Oxford. In the afternoon Lord Salisbury unveiled a statue of Thomas Sydenham, the father of English medicine, presented to the University Museum by the Warden and two Fellows of All Souls College.—The Duke of Richmond presented new colours at Glasgow to the Gordon Highlanders, who completed their centenary in June. The regiment was raised by the fifth and last Duke of Gordon, the dukedom being revived by Lord Beaconsfield in favour of the Duke of Richmond, although it is the Marquis of Huntly who is chief of the Clan Gordon.—Probate duty has been paid on £1,275,088 as the value of the personal estate of the late Duke of Sutherland.—Lord Denman died at Berwick, in his ninetieth year. He is succeeded by his great-nephew, Mr. Thomas Denman.—Henry Winter, alias H. Montague, stage-manager at the Garrick Theatre, was remanded by Sir John Bridge on a charge of having committed perjury in the course of divorce proceedings he took against his wife in 1881.—A gentleman living in Shepherd's Bush was annoyed by the crowing of a cock belonging to the First Chancellor of the Dutch Legation. He employed a solicitor, who, so far from obtaining redress, was informed by the Home Office that, unless the letter he wrote threatening a member of a foreign embassy with a prosecution were withdrawn, his client would be liable, under an old statute, to be whipped at a cart-tail, and that the law would be put in force. The letter was, therefore, withdrawn, and the solicitor sent in his bill, payment of which was refused, on the ground that the solicitor had not been successful. In the City of London Court to-day the solicitor obtained judgment in his favour. The defendant then informed the Commissioner that, finding the law of England would not help him, he wrote to the young Queen of the Netherlands, and, although he received no reply, the offending bird was immediately removed.—The Khedive arrived at the Hague.—Another very rich gold-bearing reef has been discovered forty miles north of Coolgardie.

Friday.

Russia, it is said, will aid Japan if China seems likely to win. Eight Russian men-of-war are cruising in Korean waters under sealed orders. The Japanese are leaving China.—An unfortunate accident is reported as having happened to the Grand Duke and Duchess Alexander Michaelaiovitch while they were driving away from Peterhof after their wedding on Monday. The horses shied, the carriage was overturned, and the Grand Duchess was severely bruised. Her husband was unhurt. In commemoration of the marriage, the Czar has founded the Xenia Institute for educating the daughters of those who, by reason of their service to the State, have acquired the status of nobility, and have been unable to procure such training.—Mr. Hiram Maxim described his flying machine to the joint meeting of the Mathematical and Mechanical Sections of the British Association at Oxford. Mr. Maxim says it is self-lifting and capable of attaining a speed of fifty miles an hour. Lord Kelvin was inclined to think the problem of flight would be better solved by a platform with a vertically-working propeller at each corner.—The man Schmerfeldt, who was condemned to death in connection with the Shaftesbury Avenue murder, was reprieved.—The well-known Italian revolutionist Amilcare Cipriani, who, after the passing of the Anti-Anarchist law, left France for Belgium, from which he was expelled, arrived in London, and was taken to lodgings by two Scotland Yard detectives.—A train has been wrecked at Lincoln, Nebraska. It fell through a trestle-bridge 40 ft. high, the boiler exploded, and the burning coals set fire to the *débris*. Twelve persons were either killed outright or slowly burned to death.

Saturday.

It is reported that the Japanese fleet is making an making an attack upon the important Chinese naval station of Wei-hai-wei.—A Norwegian barque was towed into Cowes, having on board a man and a boy saved from a schooner which she had sunk off Anvil Point. The captain and three of the crew of the schooner were drowned. Another Norwegian barque was run into in the Channel by a steamer and had to be towed into Dover.—Prince Ademuyiwa Haaskup, of Jebu Remo, an independent native State on the West Coast of Africa, visited Bow Street Police Court this morning to see how justice is administered. He was attired in gorgeous flowing robes, and attracted much attention.—Another political leader in Denmark has withdrawn from active service in M. Edward Brandes, the chief of the Radical Opposition in the Folkthing. He is disgusted at the discord in his party, and will exile himself in Norway.

Sunday.

A serious accident occurred to the Scotch express at St. Pancras Station this morning. The brake failed to act, and the train collided violently with the buffer-stops and the embankment supporting them. The fore part of the train, comprising the Pullman sleeping car, a third-class carriage, belonging to the North British Company, consisting of six compartments, and a guard's van heavily laden, were wrecked, while the front of the engine embedded itself in the embankment, after smashing the stops and hurling one, a massive piece of iron, on the platform. Nineteen passengers were more or less injured.—The Isle of Man steam-packet Prince of Wales collided with the Garston steamer Hibernia, 500 tons, early this morning, some thirty miles off Douglas. The Hibernia sank, and four of her crew were drowned; two others were badly injured. The Prince of Wales was quite disabled.—The German Emperor paid farewell visits to several personal friends on board one or two of the yachts anchored in Cowes Roads. He lunched with the Queen at Osborne, attended a garden party given by Lord and Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, and in the evening he gave a dinner party on board the Hohenzollern.

Monday.

The German Emperor got another view to-day of the British Army on parade, for he witnessed a review of the troops at Aldershot, which he last visited five years ago. At that time 25,530 men were on the field; to-day only about half that number were to be seen. His escort was furnished by the 1st Royal Dragoons, of which he is Honorary Colonel.—The proposed exhibition to be held in Paris in 1900 entered a new stage to-day, when architects desirous of competing for the building of it received the necessary information on applying at the Ministry of Commerce.—It appears that Li Hung Chung was deprived not only of his Yellow Riding Jacket, but also of his Peacock Feather. His rank was also reduced three degrees.

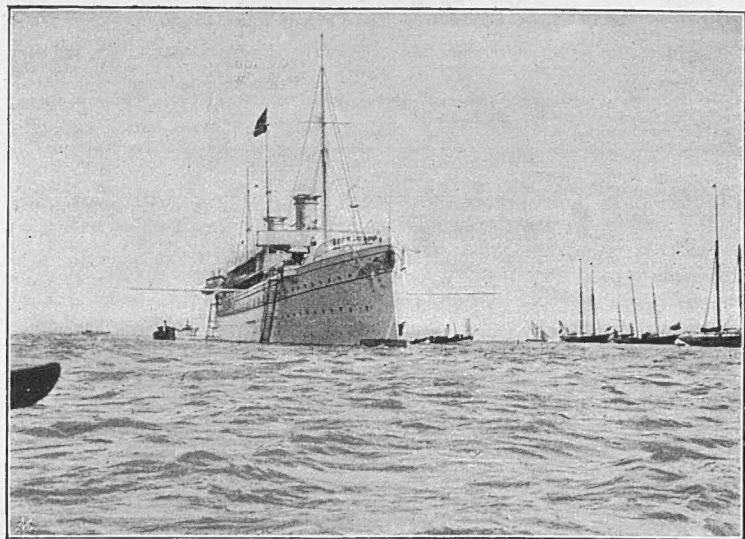
**EMPIRE.—TWO GRAND BALLETS.** At 7.40, THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME; and at 10.50 LA FROLIQUE. Grand Varieties. An entirely new series of Living Pictures. Doors open at 7.30.

**OLYMPIA.—TWICE DAILY.—CONSTANTINOPLE.**  
BOLOSSY KIRALFY'S GRAND SPECTACULAR DRAMA.  
2000 PERFORMERS. LOVELY BALLETS. CHARMING MUSIC.  
TROOPS OF CAMELS, MULES, DROMEDARIES, HORSES, &c.  
MOST MARVELLOUS SHOW EVER ORGANISED IN ANY COUNTRY OR AGE.  
BEAUTIFULLY ILLUMINATED GARDENS.  
MODERN CONSTANTINOPLE, WITH ITS PALACES, SHOPS, BOATS, &c.  
TURKISH REGIE CIGARETTE FACTORY IN FULL WORKING.  
ARABIAN NIGHTS TABLEAUX. THE MOORISH HAREM.  
BANDS OF DAN GODFREY (JUN.). ROUMELIAN GIPSY BAND.  
IMPERIAL HUNGARIAN BAND.  
HALL OF 1001 COLUMNS. TURKISH CAIQUES PROPELLED BY TURKISH BOATMEN.  
REALISTIC PANORAMA OF CONSTANTINOPLE.  
Open 12 to 5 and 6 to 11 p.m.—Grand Spectacle, 2.30 and 8.30.—Admission Everywhere (including Reserved Seats), 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., and 5s. Private Boxes (hold Six), £3 3s. Seats from 3s. may be booked at Box-office or Olympia. Children under Twelve half-price to Matinees to seats above 1s.  
Promenade Tickets are issued at 1s. at 2.40 and 8.40, admitting to all Entertainments except Grand Stage Spectacle.

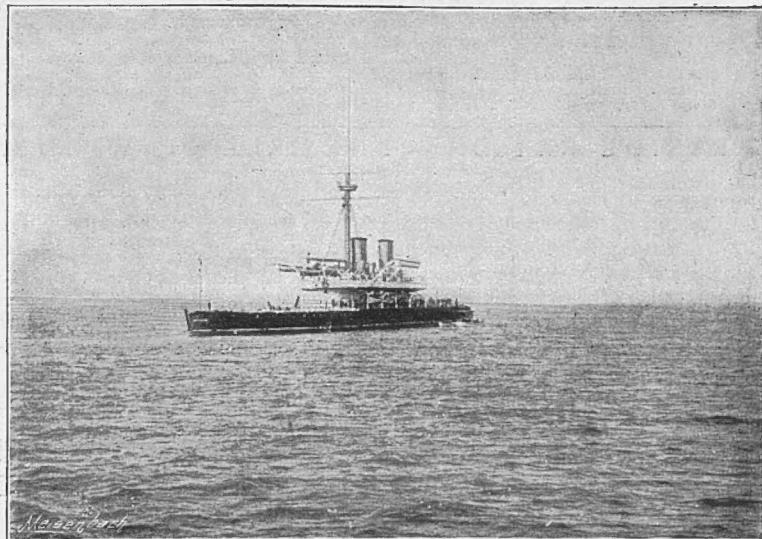


THE KAISER AT COWES.

From Photographs by Gerald Grey, Bristol.



THE GERMAN WARSHIP HOHENZOLLERN.



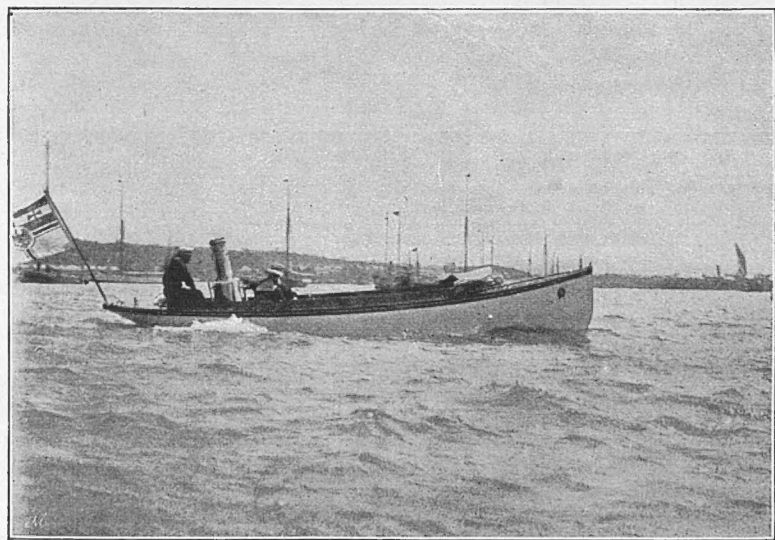
H.M.S. DREADNOUGHT, GUARDSHIP AT OSBORNE.



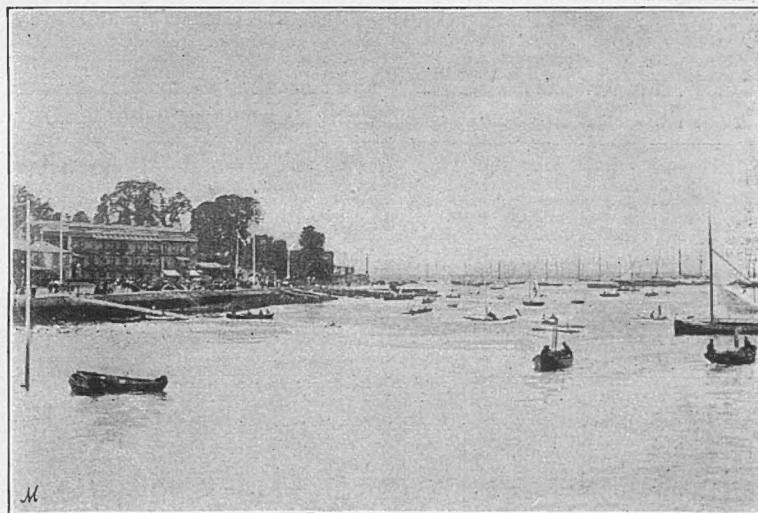
THE YACHTS FROM THE R.Y.S. CLUB HOUSE.



WAITING TO SEE THE ARRIVAL OF THE EMPEROR.



THE EMPEROR'S STEAM PINNACE.



THE MOUTH OF THE MEDINA.



THE PARADE.



A CORNER OF THE ESPLANADE.



## SEASIDE SEASON.—THE SOUTH COAST.

BRIGHTON  
SEAFOURD  
EASTBOURNE  
BEXHILL  
ST. LEONARDS  
HASTINGS  
WORTHING  
LITTLEHAMPTON  
BOGNOR  
HAYLING ISLAND  
PORTSMOUTH  
SOUTHSEA

Frequent Fast Trains from Victoria, Clapham Junction, and London Bridge.  
Trains in connection from Kensington (Addison Road), and West Brompton.  
Extra Trains from London Saturday, returning Monday mornings.  
Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Season Tickets, First and Second Class.  
Cheap Week-end Return Tickets, issued every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday.  
Pullman Car Trains between London and Brighton and London and Eastbourne.

## SEASIDE SEASON.—THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

RYDE  
COWES  
SANDOWN  
SHANKLIN  
VENTNOR  
FRESHWATER  
ST. HELENS  
BEMBRIDGE

Through Tickets issued and Luggage registered throughout.  
The Trains run to and from the Portsmouth Harbour Station. The Isle of Wight Trains also run to and from the Ryde Pier Head Station, thereby enabling Passengers to step from the Train to the Steamer, and vice versa.

## PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT, via the Direct Mid-Sussex Route, from Victoria and London Bridge, the West-End and City Stations.

Week-Day Fast Through Trains and Boat Service—

		a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Victoria ...	dep.	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
London Bridge ...	...	6 45	8 40	10 30	11 35	1 45	3 55	5 55	7 17	9 20	9 25
Portsmouth ...	arr.	9 0	10 51	1 5	2 16	4 23	6 39	6 56	7 38	10 25	11 42
Ryde ...	...	9 55	11 55	1 50	3 0	5 10	7 30	7 40	8 35	...	...
Sandown ...	...	10 45	12 28	2 29	3 37	5 46	8 19	8 19	9 24	...	...
Shanklin ...	...	10 51	12 36	2 36	3 45	5 52	8 25	8 25	9 30	...	...
Ventnor ...	...	11 4	12 49	2 50	3 55	6 6	8 39	8 39	9 40	...	...
Cowes ...	...	11 23	1 15	3 17	4 27	6 37	7 55	9 7	...	...	...

Extra Trains leave Victoria 1 p.m., and London Bridge 2.30 p.m., Saturdays and Tuesdays only.

## SEASIDE SEASON.—NORMANDY COAST.

DIEPPE  
ROUEN  
FECAMP  
HAVRE  
CHERBOURG

THE ANGLO-NORMAN AND BRITANNY TOURS  
via NEWHAVEN AND DIEPPE.—These Tickets enable the holder to visit all the principal places of interest in Normandy and Brittany.

## PARIS.—SHORTEST and CHEAPEST ROUTE, through the charming Scenery of Normandy, to the Paris Terminus (St. Lazare), near the Madeleine, via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

Two Special Express Services (Week-days and Sundays).

London to Paris	(1 & 2)	(1, 2, 3)	Paris to London	(1 & 2)	(1, 2, 3)
Victoria ...	dep. 9 0	...	Paris ...	dep. 9 30	...
London Bridge ...	9 0	...	London Bridge ...	arr. 7 0	...
Paris ...	arr. 6 35	...	Victoria ...	7 0	...

Fares—Single: First, 34s. 7d.; Second, 25s. 7d.; Third, 18s. 7d. Return: First, 58s. 3d.; Second, 42s. 3d.; Third, 33s. 3d.

A Pullman Drawing-room Car runs in the First and Second Class Train between Victoria and Newhaven.

Powerful steamers, with excellent deck and other cabins.

Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c. Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest on the Continent.

## SPECIAL TRIP ROUND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 22. A First and Second Class Special Fast Train will leave Victoria at 9.30 a.m., Clapham Junction 9.35 a.m., and West Croydon 9.50 a.m., for Portsmouth Harbour, connecting there with a Special Steamer for a trip round the Isle of Wight, returning in time for the Up Special Fast Train at 6.15 p.m. Fares: Train and Steamer, First Class, 12s. 6d.; Second Class, 7s. 6d.

Tickets may be obtained on and from the preceding Saturday.

FOR full particulars see Time Books and Tourists' Programmes, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, Kensington (Addison Road), or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained: West-End General Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus, and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand.  
(By order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

## GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.—THE "DIRECT" ROUTE TO EAST COAST WATERING-PLACES. EXPRESS TRAIN SERVICE JULY 2 AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

WEEK-DAYS.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
London (King's Cross) ...	dep. 5 15	7 15	8 45	9 45	10 0	10 15	10 25	10 35
Sheringham ...	arr. 10 10	1 0	2 9	...	...	2 28	...	...
Cromer (Beach) ...	10 20	1 8	2 20	...	...	2 35	...	...
Yarmouth (Beach) ...	11 50	2 10	...	...	...	3 30	...	...
Ilkley ...	10 17	12 38	...	...	...	3 38	...	5 47
Harrogate ...	10 54	1 0	...	2 20	...	3 30	...	4 28
Scarborough ...	11 20	...	...	...	3 10	...	3 45	4 50
Whitby ...	12 9	...	...	...	...	...	4 30	5 59
Foley ...	11 58	3 10	3 33	...	...	...	4 48	...
Bridlington ...	11 50	2 27	3 1	3 24	...	...	4 35	...
Salisbury ...	12 16	...	...	...	4 4	...	5 20	...

WEEK-DAYS.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
London (King's Cross) ...	dep. 11 45	1 30	2 30	3 0	3 20	5 0	5 45	10 40
Sheringham ...	arr. ...	...	...	...	...	9 10	...	...
Cromer (Beach) ...	...	...	...	7 15	...	9 20	...	...
Yarmouth (Beach) ...	...	...	...	8 35	...	...	...	...
Ilkley ...	...	6 3	...	...	8 27	...	8 48	...
Harrogate ...	...	6 20	...	...	8 57	...	12 0	5 50
Scarborough ...	6 3	6 50	7 50	...	9 40	...	11 45	5 35
Whitby ...	...	...	8 46	...	10 19	...	...	6 20
Foley ...	6 17	7 27	8 37	...	9 47	...	...	6 42
Bridlington ...	6 48	6 59	...	...	10 14	...	...	7 18
Salisbury ...	8 7	...	8 58	...	9 17	...	...	6 48

A Until Sept. 22 inclusive.

B On Saturdays due Salisbury 6.22 p.m.

a On Sunday mornings arrives at Harrogate 8.5, Filey 8.54, Bridlington 8.16, and Salisbury 8.6.

\* Saturday nights excepted.

† Will not run to these stations after Sept. 29.

‡ Through carriages to Sheringham and Cromer by these Trains.

London, King's Cross, August, 1894.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

## GREAT NORTHERN, NORTH-EASTERN, AND NORTH BRITISH RAILWAYS.

THE EAST COAST "EXPRESS" ROUTE.

OPENING OF THE WEST HIGHLAND RAILWAY.  
BETWEEN HELENSBURGH AND FORT WILLIAM.

This Railway opens out an entirely new route—through magnificent mountain, lake, and river scenery. It is an extension of the North British Railway Company's system, and Trains are run through between Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Fort William, via Helensburgh, Shandon, Gairlochhead, Arrochar and Tarbet, Ardul (head of Loch Lomond), Crianlarich, Tyndrum, Bridge of Orchy, Rannoch, Roy Bridge, Spean Bridge, &c.

Ordinary and Tourist Tickets are issued from London (King's Cross Station) and other principal Stations. Through Carriages are run between King's Cross Station (London) and Fort William and other Stations on the West Highland Railway by the undermentioned Trains, viz.—

King's Cross (London) ...	dep. 8.30 p.m.	Fort William ...	dep. 4.25 p.m.
Fort William ...	arr. 12.15 noon.	King's Cross ...	arr. 8.0 a.m.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager, Great Northern Railway.

GEORGE S. GIBB, General Manager, North-Eastern Railway.

J. CONACHER, General Manager, North British Railway.

London, August, 1894.

## ANTWERP EXHIBITION, via Harwich. Cheap Return Tickets.

First Class, 30s.; Second, 20s. Every Week-day by the G.E.R. Company's twin-screw Steamships. Cheapest and best route to Belgium, Brussels, and the Ardennes, Switzerland, &c.

HOOK OF HOLLAND route to the Continent, via Harwich, daily (Sunday included). New twin-screw Steamships Amsterdam (1745 tons), Berlin (1745 tons), and Chelmsford (1635 tons).

Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.30 p.m. Direct service to Harwich, via Lincoln or Peterborough and March, from Scotland, the North, and the Midlands, saving time and money. Dining Car from York. HAMBURG by G.S.N. Company's Steamships, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Combination Tickets and Tours to all parts of the Continent. Read "Walks in Belgium," price 6d., at all Bookstalls. Particulars at 61, Regent Street, W.; or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

## SUMMER SERVICE OF EXPRESS AND FAST TRAINS, WITH COACH CONNECTIONS, TO THE WEST OF ENGLAND, NORTH AND SOUTH DEVON AND CORNWALL. DIRECT AND SHORTEST ROUTE.

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	Express.	a.m.	Ex.	p.m.
WATERLOO ...	dep. 5 50	6 50	9 0	11 0	11 5	11 45	3 0
Bridport (by Coach from Crewkerne) ...	...	...	2 45	...	5 10	...	...
Lynne Regis (By Coach from) ...	11 40	...	2 0	...	4 0	...	...
Charmouth (Axminster) ...	10 40	...	...	...	4 5	...	...
SEATON ...	11 44	12 40	...	...	3 15	6 5	7 15
SIDMOUTH ...	11 44	...	1 59	...	3 40	6 8	7 50
EXETER (Queen Street) ...	10 43	1 12	3 2	3 30	6 10	6 46	9 27
EXMOUTH ...	11 51	...	2 54	3 42	4 48	6 33	7 33
Budleigh Salterton (by 'Bus from Exmouth) ...	...	...	4 10	...	5 50	...	8 40
Chagford (by 'Bus from Yeoford) ...	...	...	...	...	7 30	...	...
OKEHAMPTON (for Dartmoor) ...	11 39	...	2 44	3 51	...	8 18	10 25
Chagford (By Coach from) ...	...	...	...	6 20	...	...	...
Hatherleigh (Okehampton) ...	...	...	...	5 55	...	...	...
HOLSWORTHY ...	1 2	...	3 50	4 54	...	9 21	...
Bude (by Coach from Hols- worthy) ...	...	...	5 30	6 50	...	...	...
CAMELFORD ...	1 53	...	4 44	5 39	...	10 17	...
Wadebridge ...	...	...	...	7 20	...	...	...
Padstow ...	...	...	...	8 45	...	...	...
St. Columb ...	...	...	...	8 30	...	...	...
New Quay ...	...	...	...	9 20	...	...	...
Tintagel ...	2 45	...	...	6 40	...	...	...
Bosccastle ...	2 40	...	...	6 40	...	...	...
TAVISTOCK ...	12 6	...	3 14	4 19	...	8 0	10 53
Gunnislake ...	...	...	4 20	...	...	...	...
Callington ...	...	...	5 20	...	...	...	...
Liskeard ...	...	...	6 55	...	...	...	...
DEVONPORT ...	12 29	...	3 39	4 42	...	8 23	11 17
PLYMOUTH ...	12 35	...	3 44	4 48	...	8 29	11 23
BARNSTAPLE ...	1 16	...	3 25	4 30	...	8 10	...
Lynton (by Coach from Barn- staple) ...	...	...	6 30	7 30	...	...	...
ILFRACOMBE ...	2 23	...	4 18	5 18	...	8 56	...
BIDEFORD ...	1 56	...	3 52	5 1	...	8 35	...
Clovelly (By Coach from Bude) ...	...	...	5 25	...	...	...	...
Bude ...	...	...	8 0	...	...	...	...
Westward-Ho (by 'Bus from Bideford) ...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...

\* Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays only.

† Saturdays only.

A corresponding Service of Trains runs in the opposite direction.

These Trains connect at Exeter with those on the South Devon Line to Dawlish, Teignmouth, Torquay, Dartmouth, &c., and at Plymouth and Devonport to Truro, Falmouth, Redruth, Penzance, &c.

Tickets available for CIRCULAR TOUR by RAIL and COACH are issued from LONDON on every Week-day. These Tours embrace the principal health resorts of North Devon and Cornwall, including Lynton, Ilfracombe, Clovelly, Bude, Bosccastle, Tintagel, St. Columb, New Quay, &c.

CHEAP TRAINS leave Waterloo Station for the WEST of ENGLAND, North and South Devon, and North Cornwall.

EXPRESS EXCURSION, FRIDAY NIGHT, at 10.15 p.m., to Exeter, Okehampton, Tavistock, Devonport, Plymouth, Barnstaple, Bideford, Ilfracombe, &c., for 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days.

EVERY SATURDAY, at 8 a.m., for 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days, to PLYMOUTH, Devonport, Exeter, Exmouth, Tavistock, Liskeard, Launceston, Camelford (for North Cornwall Coach), Bude, Barnstaple, Lynton, Ilfracombe, Bideford (for Clovelly), &c.

At 3.40 p.m., Express Excursion for 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days, to Exeter, Tavistock, Devonport, Plymouth, Barnstaple, Ilfracombe, Torrington, &c.

TO BOURNEMOUTH, WEYMOUTH, SWANAGE, AND DORCHESTER.

	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Waterloo ...	dep. 5 50	9 15	12 30	2 15	2 25
Bournemouth (East) ...	arr. 9 2	12 14	3 4	4 38	...
" (West) ...	9 12	12 23	3 13	4 47	...
Swanage ...	11 59	1 55	4 10	...	6 23
Dorchester ...	10 6	1 22	3 58	...	6 15
Weymouth ...	10 25	1 40	4 15	...	6 32
Waterloo ...	dep. 3 0	3 10	4 55	5 50	9 45
Bournemouth (East) ...	arr. 7 0	7 35	9 3	...	...
" (West) ...	6 55	7 9	7 45	9 13	...
Swanage ...	...	...	8 30	...	...
Dorchester ...	6 57	7 46	8 21	10 39	2 40
Weymouth ...	7 14	8 5	8 38	10 58	...

PULLMAN CARS run in principal Trains between London and Bournemouth.

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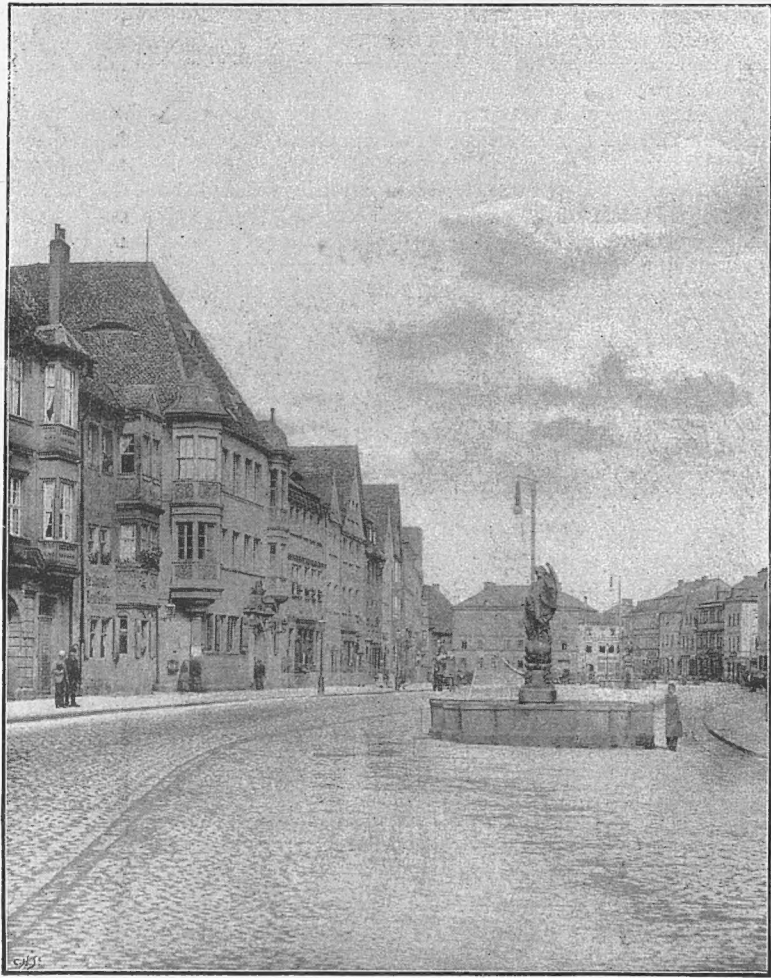
CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.



# THE WAGNER FESTIVAL AT BAYREUTH.

## EN ROUTE TO BAYREUTH.

If all roads do not lead to Bayreuth, there is, at any rate, more than one way of reaching the Wagnerian Valhalla. I chose to go by Cologne—a world in itself of things to be reminded of, from the shell of the great Cathedral down to the minutest bit of wrought gold contained within its shrines. It would be a thankless and stupid task to describe or comment upon that building, the name of whose architect is lost in the past, and



THE MARKET-PLACE, BAYREUTH.

of whom all that appears to be known—as I gather from a charming Anglo-German history of the Cathedral, published in Cologne—is that “one morning he was found death [*sic*] in his bed.” I learn also from this interesting document that “the architect has often been seen walking about the desolate walls with a measuring rod and a pair of compasses in his hand. He is always dressed in a green coat, with a grey cap on his head. . . . He has frequently been heard to exclaim, ‘I cannot rest until I hear the old crane moving again, as then I shall be able to hand over my measuring rod to a competent successor.’” Though why the sound of the crane should prove the competency of the unfortunate ghost’s successor is a mystery beyond fathoming.

But, though one could not with dignity frame language about the Cathedral itself at this time of day, I am not so sure that the treasures of the sacristy are so well known as not to warrant some brief comment. Oldest, though not by any means most beautiful, in the wrought metal-work which the sacristy contains is to be mentioned the shrine of the Three Magi; and yet one can fairly allow that it is seldom indeed that one is privileged to set eyes upon work of that period—it dates, I believe, about 1150—which is so completely satisfactory both in conception and in execution. It is modelled exactly to the design of a Roman basilica, the ends of which finish perpendicularly. The work is chiefly noticeable for the perfection of its artistic proportions and for the exquisite fashioning of its decorative details. However, it is the figure subjects which claim more attention, though not, as I think, more admiration, than these other points. They are—considering the period, they could not well help being—somewhat crude in modelling and painful in design. But it is also not to be forgotten that the blunders of outline, which is the chief disappointment of these figures, must be in part due to the ill-treatment which it has undergone during a career of many vicissitudes. Apart from this one point, the shrine is a very noble example of mediæval art.

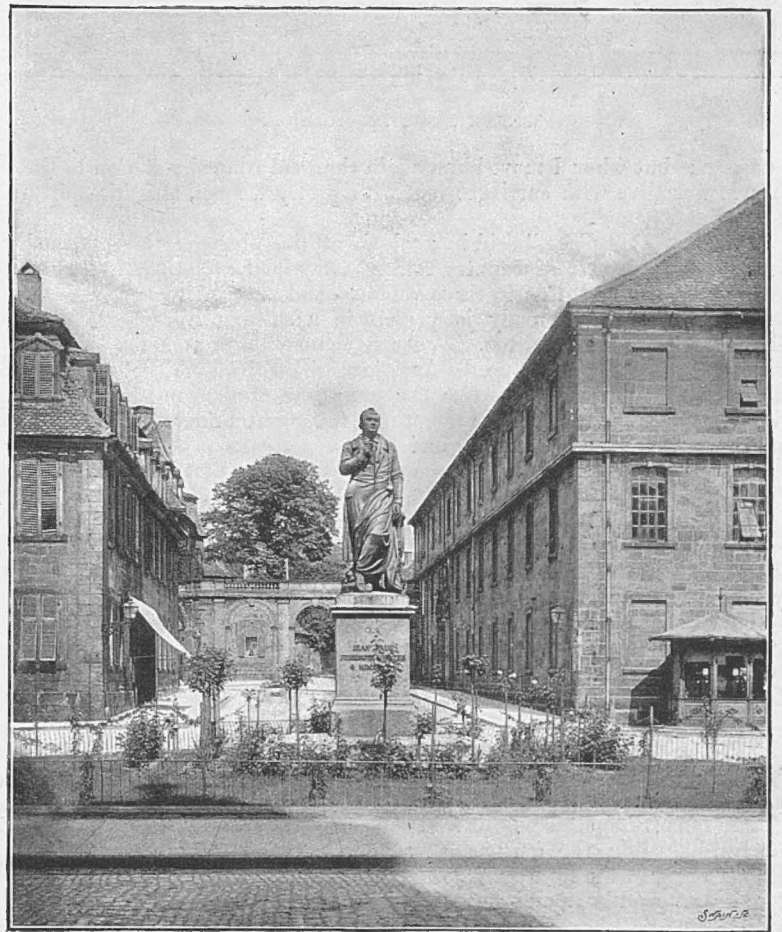
Nevertheless, I am bound to say that the shrine of St. Engelbert, which dates a full two centuries later, impresses me far more effectually as a purely beautiful example of wrought work. And, again, one must make a certain exception to one’s comparative admiration, since this

shrine is the only one which, among all the shrines which exist in Cologne, has remained uninjured. It is composed of two parts—the cover to the case, and the oblong case which contains the sacred relics. The whole is of wrought silver, and it would not be easy to conceive anything in that metal—if you except the Vatican Sacristy treasures and other work of Cellini—more exquisitely refined or more completely satisfactory. The figures which guard, as it were, various *tableaux* from the life of St. Engelbert and the decorations of the whole are among the most perfect things of their kind. It is probably not so rich as the shrine of the Magi, near which it stands in a kind of silent rivalry, and which contains nearly 1600 precious stones; but, for the pure beauty of it as the metal has emerged from the fingers of man, it is, to my mind, far more delicate, more exquisite, and more appealing.

Other impressions of Cologne Cathedral and its contents—particularly the famous “Dombild”—must be left for record on a future occasion. This, which began as a flying column, has paused too long in its flight, as columns will. There will be space only to record a glimpse of Nuremberg, perhaps the most exactly mediæval town in the world; mediæval and beautiful, with lovely gables, and tiles coloured by time into something supernatural in the key of red; with churches, and towers, and exquisite houses, that seem impossible to modern architecture, and with its wealth of hidden artistic beauty to be unearthed almost at every step. The art of Bayreuth is a modern art of a peculiar kind. But that is another story.

## TWO AT BAYREUTH.

The man I took to Bayreuth admitted to me, as we arrived in the little German town upon the Red Maine, that he did not know a dominant seventh from a glass of Bass’s ale, but he said he meant to go through with it (both the dominant seventh and the Bass’s ale), and I encouraged him. A more enthusiastic fellow never breathed. He was a walking dictionary of admiration, and I had, but three days before, prevented him with difficulty from settling in Paris to write a book upon the Moulin Rouge. Now, however, in Bayreuth, his spirits rose to an exceeding height. He told me, with tears in his eyes, that it was the dream of his life to know Wagner and to love him. “Yes,” said he, “I shall begin with all his works, from the ‘Tändstickor’ downwards.”



STATUE OF JEAN PAUL.

“‘Tannhäuser’ is the name of the opera you mean,” I ventured to suggest.

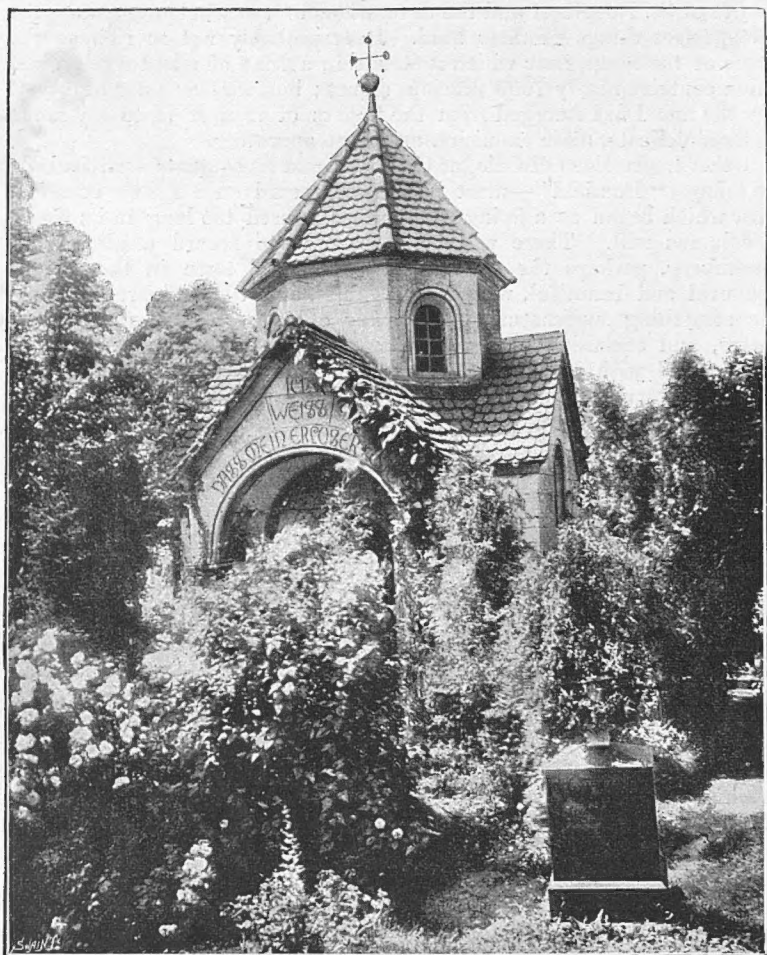
“Tann anything you like,” said he; “it’s not of the slightest importance. What I want to get is the feeling of the thing, the artistic—Halloa! did you see that girl who passed us in the carriage?”



"Hush!" said I; "no one talks of girls in Bayreuth. If you will read your programme, you will see that you are to approach 'Parsifal' in the proper religious spirit."

"Great Scott!" he replied. "Can't you go round to the stage-door?"

I assured him that you could not—that there was no stage-door in the Wagner Theatre, only a solemn portal wherefrom ethereal beings passed to and fro to celestial temples and groves of flowers. This depressed him rather, and he insisted upon going to a *café* to drink



WHERE LISZT IS BURIED.

a cognac; but when I moved him again the road from the station to the theatre was alive with carriages and with pretty women, and his spirits revived at a bound.

"It's a grand place," said he; "look at the pines on the hills, and that glorious stretch of country rolling away below us there! I shall write a book about this in three volumes, and publish it in New York. Did you ever see so many jolly girls in a shilling cab-fare before? They all speak American, too. What a chance for a romance! Hero goes to see 'Lohengrin': pretty American girl with two millions sterling fairs in first act; hero carries her out; she awakes in his arms, to discover she's left her railway ticket in a cab; grand finale—but, halloa, again, why here's a cattle-show on!"

"That is no cattle-show," I remarked severely; "that is the Wagner Theatre, built in the year 1876, chiefly by the exertions of the indefatigable Carl Tausig. That high part is the stage, the low part is the vast auditorium, capable of seating sixteen hundred people on its floor. There are no boxes, no circles, no galleries—nothing to take the eye from the proscenium. It's a superb building, you must admit."

He seemed to think it over. When he had surveyed the huge and, be it admitted, somewhat gaunt structure of red brick which stands above Bayreuth and among the pine-woods, he delivered himself of an observation.

"Where are the bars?" he asked.

"Never mind the bars," I exclaimed fiercely; "we're late as it is. The show begins at four o'clock, and it's five minutes to that now. Come along—there go the trumpets!"

The four trumpeters who herald each act at Bayreuth with a beautiful flourish, blown in the gardens, now came out and blew dismally, the blare echoing in the hills about.

"I say," said he, as he followed me to the door, "was that written by Wagner?"

"Idiot," said I, "that's a common fanfare"; but the remark was lost upon him. We were already wedged in a mass of humanity struggling up the narrow wooden staircase of Door 12, and in another minute we had entered the huge whitewashed house, and had taken our places. A few seconds later the lights went down, and from the concealed orchestra there arose the low tremor of violins which marks the divine prelude to the divine "Parsifal." Then the *crescendo* swelled out in majestic harmony; quaint chords floated weirdly up and held the ear with their sweet cadences; the sound of the trumpets died away

again; the low tremor of the violins with which the prelude opened was heard, until it faded out in a suggestion of sound, and the curtain was drawn. At that point the unnameable man spoke again.

"I'm going to make it in two volumes," said he; "do you twig this superb thing on my left?"

I frowned upon him as the broad and substantial Gurnemanz awoke in the forest, and began to tell us how that Amfortas, the King and Keeper of the Grail, had succumbed to the charms of the witch Kundry, and carried ever afterwards a spear-wound in his side. But my *protégé* was good enough to be silent when Kundry herself rushed in and lay prone upon the stage; nor did he make any observation until the unredeemed fool, Parsifal, the pure youth who is to cure Amfortas and redeem the Grail by his strength against temptation, had shot the arrow at the holy swan, and the bird had fallen headlong upon the stage.

"Halloa!" cried he; "what are they killing that duck for?"

"Hold your tongue," said I, "that's a swan."

"Oh, is it?" he whispered. "Well, it must have been out on strike. When are they going to sing a song?"

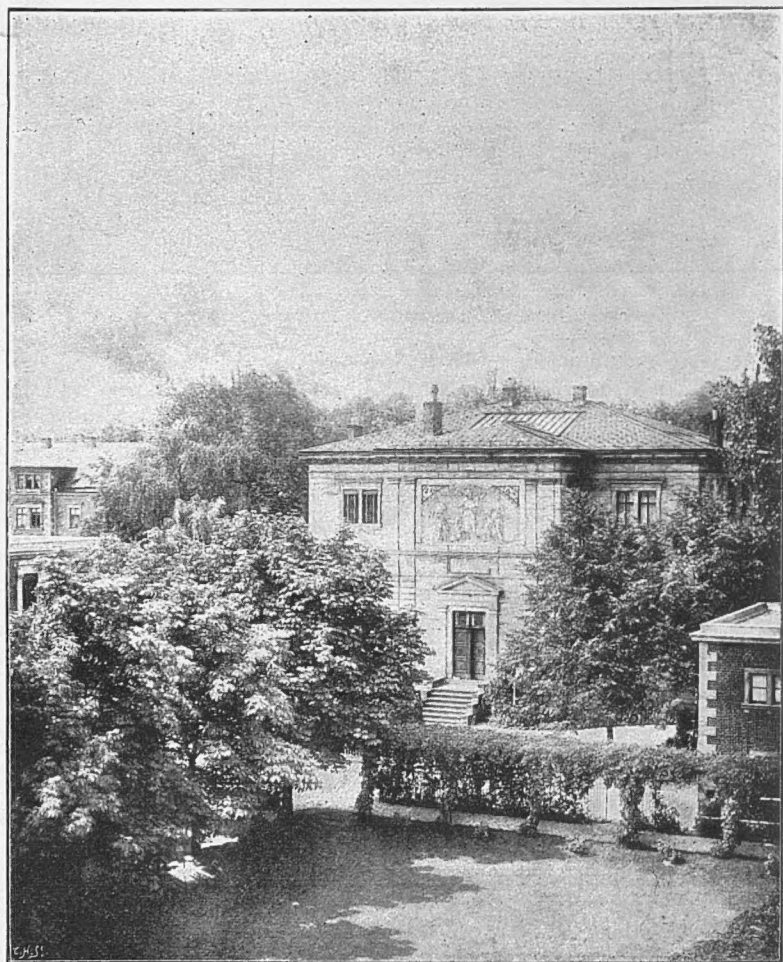
I paid no attention whatever to him, and the glorious music continued until the end of the forest scene, where Gurnemanz allows Parsifal, in whom he suspects the "fool" who is to redeem all things, to witness the worship of the Grail. Here, as all the world knows, the scene is changed by the forest gradually moving, and the magnificent Temple of the Grail succeeding it, while the stage is in complete darkness. No sooner, however, did the trees begin to march with giddy suggestion than I heard my man moving uneasily in his seat, and saw that he was holding to it with both his hands.

"Great Jupiter!" he whispered, "I'm going round and round. I can see about nine hundred forests and fourteen stages. Take me out of this if you don't want a scene."

The gas went up and he felt better. He even condescended to whisper that the great hall of marble columns, with its dome high up in the wings, was as good as anything he had witnessed in the Surrey pantomime. But the solemn march to which the picturesque Knights of the Holy Grail entered, and even the infinitely sweet chorus of boys' voices, moved him not at all.

"I've changed my mind," said he; "I think a pamphlet would about see this—what time do we dine?"

For the rest of the act I refused to speak to him, and in the interval he was busy hunting up the "superb thing on his left." At the



THE VILLA WAHNFRIED.

beginning of the second act, however, and during the scene in Klingsor's magic castle, when the witch Kundry is instructed for the temptation of Parsifal, he clenched his teeth, and behaved himself like a man. The scene of the actual temptation, when Kundry's garden of flowers is revealed, and her maidens dance about Parsifal, cheered him wonderfully, and he even ventured on speech again.

"Left-hand side, third in the second row," said he, "isn't that a decent ankle?"





PARSIFAL (HERR BIRRENKOVEN: ACT I.).



PARSIFAL (HERR BIRRENKOVEN: ACT II.).



THE MAIDENS.



THE BEARERS OF THE HOLY GRAIL.









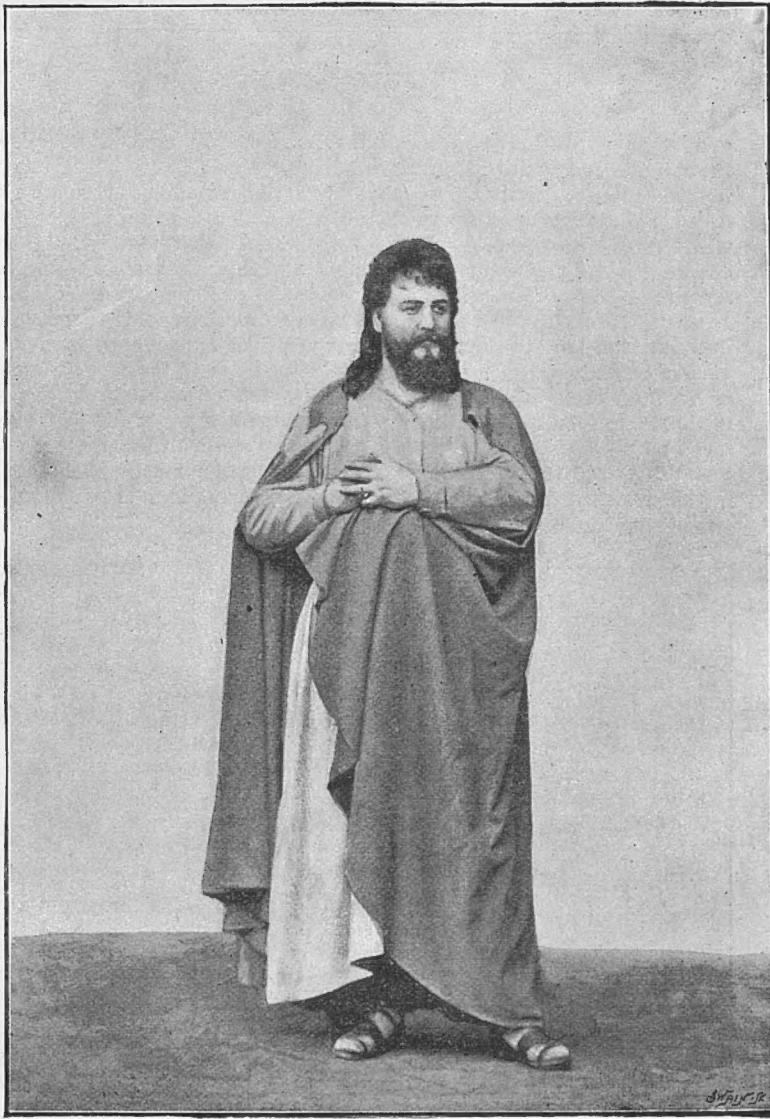
KUNDRY (ROSA SUCHER).



KUNDRY.



PARSIFAL (HERR BIRRENKOVEN: ACT III.).



AMFORTAS (HERR REICHMANN).



famous little town which has two pasts, and yet possesses the promise of a future.

A few minutes before the hour of four o'clock the preliminary flourish of trumpets ends this animated babbling. Four melancholy-looking persons, armed stoutly with implements of brass, make a tour of the Temple and blow deafening blasts. The effort is exhausting, and the



RICHARD WAGNER.

By permission of Franz Hanfstaengl, Munich.

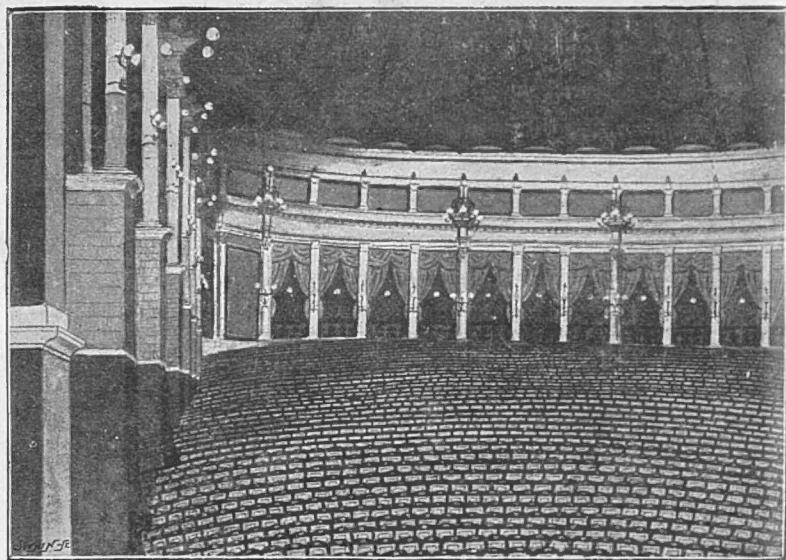
gentleman with the trombone leans momentarily against a pillar as though overcome with the ardour of his exercise; but the pilgrims pay no heed to him. Rather, they stream into the great house through many doors, and, quickly filling the 1600 seats, they assume that "hush" which the programme demands of them. At that moment the most commonplace interior in Europe, a vast whitewashed auditorium, with no pit, no gallery, no circles, no boxes, is one mighty sea of heads. From the base, by the concealed orchestra, high up to the back of the building, the long rows of cane chairs are placed, packing the company with a woeful grant of space, giving little hope to the weak who faint or to the victims of height. A superb system of ventilation by pumps alone makes tenure of the situation possible; but when the first excitement of place-getting has passed, when of a sudden the lights go down, and the house is all but dark, deliciously cool air fans the face, the engine is busy, the nervous man breathes, complaint is forgotten.



THE WAGNER THEATRE.

## "PARSIFAL."

"Parsifal," as performed at the Wagner Theatre, even under the disadvantages of indifferent principals, is altogether unforgettable. As dark comes upon the theatre, the low tremor of violins rises up from the unseen. Gradually the wave of harmonious sound swells; the broad rhythm of the full chords holds and entrances; the trombones, symbols of the victory of the "fool who conquers," blare out in softened majesty. The *crescendo* dies away almost before you have remarked that the quality of the instruments in the band is detestable, and as the strings sink down to the tremor with which they opened the curtain is drawn, and Gurnemanz is seen asleep in the forest. He has rightly been described as the Polonius of the drama, and when he has given us some outlines of the career of Amfortas, the King and guardian of the Grail, who fell to the charms of the witch Kundry, and carries ever after an open wound in his side, we see the witch herself, and hear her somewhat harsh voice. From this point the story is developed with a directness which is unlooked for. The boy Parsifal, the fool who has been nurtured on the food of sublime ignorance, has escaped from his home, and, coming to the forest, he shoots one of the sacred swans, and is sharply reprimanded by Gurnemanz and some of the Knights of the Grail. But his ignorance is beyond concealment. His words are those of a babe who knows not right from wrong. They fall impressively upon the ear of the knights, who awake to the reality that here may be the fool who shall redeem the Grail and cure Amfortas, the King. The lad is permitted to witness the worship of the Holy Cup, and, being led from the scene by Gurnemanz, the forest begins to move slowly from the stage, and to it there succeeds the marble Temple wherein the Grail is adored. This scene is very beautiful. The slender columns of marble, rising to great heights, and terminated in a gallery at the very apex of the dome, suggest loftiness and majesty of design not to be



INTERIOR OF THE WAGNER THEATRE.

expected from the mechanism of the theatre. There is a sense of space and depth which only this house could permit. And when the knights enter, to the deep harmonies of a superbly-written march, and anon a concealed choir of boys, secreted up above the marble dome, burst into a heavenly strain, which is hardly equalled in music, the glamour and charm and mysticism of this eternal masterpiece is vindicated beyond dispute. Of no moment that the voices of the principals are worn and thin; of no moment that the majority of them are excruciatingly "sharp"; of no moment that the orchestra is ill-toned and ragged and rarely without blame. The genius of the Master saves his people; his inspiration is on all and through all; his voice speaks when elsewhere there is disappointment; his message is delivered in the face of despair and even of irritation.

The scene in the Temple of the Holy Grail is, indeed, the culminating beauty of "Parsifal." The second act, wherein the "fool" is tempted by the maidens of the witch Kundry and by the witch herself, is always inspired, but not always inspiring. The short scene in Klingsor's Castle, which precedes it, is dramatic and abounding in those fierce rushes of orchestration which the Master loved. In the third act, however, when we have been comforted by an hour's interval and have dined, we must cease to criticise before the final scene, wherein Parsifal triumphs, healing Amfortas, the King, wringing a "*Mea culpa!*" from the lips of the witch, and redeeming the Holy Cup, which glows with brilliant crimson fire as the miracle is wrought. The victory is the fool's, who has conquered, the fool whom temptation has not harmed, the fool who has earned the heavenly vision; but greater is the victory of the genius which gave to us and to our children and to our children's children this echo of celestial harmony, this thing so deep in its imagination, so perfect in its art.

To many men and women the latter thought is their whole impression of Bayreuth. For them there is inspiration neither in the flaring advertisements of the festival nor in the artificiality of the position it assumes and the apocalypse it preaches.





FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. HÖFFERT, BERLIN.



## HOW THE OPERAS ARE PERFORMED.

Although "Parsifal," owing to its quasi-religious nature, will probably never be seen upon the English stage, its music is already fairly well known here, for two performances in concert form of the complete opera were given at the Albert Hall, under Sir Joseph Barnby, some years ago, and lengthy excerpts are frequently heard at the Richter and other concerts. Of the principal artists who appeared in the performances of "Parsifal," two of them, Herr Reichmann, the Amfortas, and Frau Sucher, the

third acts, and the Knights in the Song Tournament in the second, as usual at Bayreuth, acted with an intelligence and effect.

The chief production this year at Bayreuth is "Lohengrin," the last performance of which takes place to-morrow. It had never before been performed at the mountain theatre. The various cuts which had from time to time been made, particularly by the Italian conductors, have now been restored. The male chorus sung at the approach of the Swan, and the finale to the first act, the great concerted piece immediately before the second finale, and the scene of the arrival of the knights, which has for years been struck out of the Covent Garden performances, were now revived, to the great improvement of the opera as a whole. Perhaps, however, the most important feature of the present Bayreuth production of "Lohengrin" lies in the fact that the action is transferred to the tenth century—that is to say, to the time of Henry the Fowler, who is one of the characters of the drama. The knights and warriors, instead of standing round in listless fashion, take an intelligent interest in the fight between the two knights, and after Lohengrin's victory parade arm-in-arm, three or four abreast, around the young couple, who are eventually borne off the field upon the shoulders of the fighting men, while the churls at the rear tear off branches from the trees and wave them in triumph. The distinction between the war customs of the Brabantian and the Saxon soldiers is duly observed, and in the marriage chamber, in the third act, a distinctly happy effect is gained by the solemn procession of the women marching slowly round the bride and bridegroom, singing the popular "Bridal Chorus." Madame Nordica now for the first time takes part in a Bayreuth Festival, playing Elsa, a rôle which, of course, she has frequently undertaken at the Royal Italian Opera. In order, however, to do justice to the character, Madame Nordica hired a house at Bayreuth for the summer and attended numerous rehearsals, so that the details are much better brought out than heretofore. Indeed, although the German critics are by no means best pleased with the fact of an American *prima donna* being preferred to a German singer, Madame Nordica is, by general consent, the best vocalist of the festival. She has a worthy associate in Herr Van Dyck, of Vienna, a tenor who has often been heard at Covent Garden. His voice is a little tired by a good deal of hard work, and he was heard to greater advantage in the declamatory music of "Parsifal." The complete seating accommodation of the entire festival is rather over 26,000 places, 5630 of which, at £1 apiece, have been sold in England. Nearly a fourth of the audience is, therefore, British, while the American contingent is also very large.

[NOTE.—The photographs of the characters in "Parsifal," "Lohengrin," and "Tannhäuser" are by Höffert, of Berlin.]



KLINGSOR (FRITZ PLANK) IN "PARSIFAL."

Kundry, are well known to *habitués* of the German Opera in London. Rosa Sucher, indeed, twelve years ago, was considered one of the greatest of Wagnerian singers, and, apart from some fatigue of voice, this experienced *prima donna* still plays Kundry, perhaps, as well as visitors to Bayreuth are ever likely to see it played. At certain performances the rôle was undertaken by Miss Marie Brema, a young artist from London, who, although she had never before appeared at Bayreuth, seems to have delighted even the German critics. Some German writers seem to be by no means best pleased at the "intrusion" of English vocalists; but, in regard to Miss Brema, they may comfort themselves with the reflection that, though born in England, she is of German parentage. The Parsifal, Herr Willy Birrenkoven, is a young vocalist from Hamburg, with a pure tenor voice and considerable intelligence as an actor; while Herr Plank, the Klingsor, and Herr Grengg, who plays the important part of Gurnemanz, are old favourites at Bayreuth.

Although the Bayreuth Theatre was originally intended mainly for the adequate presentation of Wagner's advanced operas, it was deemed advisable three years ago to revive the Master's early work, "Tannhäuser," which in its passage through the opera houses of the Continent had been considerably cut about. The excisions made by various conductors were restored, and "Tannhäuser," probably for the first time in its history, was performed in its entirety, the work being presented, practically, as Wagner himself intended. It is a curious fact, which has been noticed by many visitors to Bayreuth, that the restoration of the parts hitherto cut has invariably had the effect of making the work less tedious, so perfect an idea had Wagner of the laws of balance and proportion. At Bayreuth the rôle of Venus is made of far greater importance than it is in England, and Fräulein Pauline Mailhac, of Carlsruhe, sang it remarkably well. The Elisabeth, Fräulein Elisa Wiborg, of Stuttgart, made her greatest effects in the popular "Apostrophe to the Halls of Song," now performed in its entirety, and in the dramatic situation at the Cross. The Pilgrims in the first and



GURNEMANZ (HERR GRENGG) IN "PARSIFAL."





ELIZABETH (ELISA WIBORG) AT THE SHRINE IN "TANNHÄUSER."



ELIZABETH'S ENTRY INTO THE LANDGRAF'S HALL IN "TANNHÄUSER."



LOHENGRIN (HERR VAN DYCK).



ELSA (MADAME NORDICA) IN "LOHENGRIN."



## SMALL TALK.

The Queen has been unusually busy during the past week with the entertainment of the German Emperor and the arrangement of several tiresome matters of business and of certain family affairs. Her Majesty is looking forward to leaving Osborne, as the bracing air of Deeside suits her much better than the relaxing climate of the Isle of Wight.

The dinner parties which the Queen gave last week in the Indian Room at Osborne in honour of the German Emperor were State functions in everything but name. The table and buffets were covered with magnificent gold and silver plate, and profusely decorated with exquisite flowers brought from Frogmore. The dinners were served on a beautiful porcelain service in gold, white, and Garter-blue, which is the private property of the Queen, and the dessert service was the famous Sèvres set from Windsor, which was purchased by George IV.

The Indian Room is a very handsome chamber, about sixty feet in length by thirty in width, and there is a musicians' gallery at one end. This apartment is connected with the west wing of the palace by a wide corridor, and the room and the passages by which it is approached are lighted by electricity, which has been fitted at Osborne under the superintendence of Sir John Cowell, the Master of the Household. It is magnificently decorated in the Hindoo Sikh style, and all the hangings and furniture are Oriental—the carvings, the peacock over the mantelpiece, and the Indian and Persian carpets, all being in harmony. This latest addition to Osborne has cost the Queen over £25,000.

The Ministers attending the Council held at Osborne by the Queen last week travelled by special train from Victoria to Portsmouth Harbour, and were conveyed across the Solent to and from East Cowes in the royal yacht *Alberta*. Until recently, the royal yacht was reserved exclusively for the Queen and royal personages, and a special steamer was chartered for the use of the Ministers visiting Osborne. The Council was held after luncheon, in the Council Chamber, where Sir Edwin Landseer's famous picture of "The Deer Pass" hangs.

The Prince of Wales took the chair, and the Marquis of Ormonde the vice-chair, at the annual dinner of the Royal Yacht Squadron, which was given at the Castle last week, and the German Emperor was present. There was a great display of plate on the table, including the Queen's Cup, the celebrated Nelson Vase, and the beautiful model of the late Lord Conyngham's yacht, the *Speranza*.

*A propos* of the Royal Yacht Carnival, I must mention the excellent shilling number of the *Yachting World*. It scores in its illustrations, especially in four photo-mezzotypes, illustrating the Vigilant and the unhappy Valkyrie. There is a capital history of the Royal Yacht Squadron and its snug Castle at Cowes, and a speaking likeness of the doughty Dunraven, described alliteratively as "soldier, scribe, and



sportsman." Mr. Wilfrid Hunt, of Glasgow, supplies a great number of photographs of Clyde yachts, as he did in these pages the other week, and among the fiction Mr. Clark Russell takes a prominent place. It is the first summer number the *Yachting World* has produced, and it certainly is an excellent start.

The New Palace at Potsdam, which was struck by lightning on Tuesday, last week, is a very favourite residence of the German Emperor, and on hearing the news the Kaiser was greatly disturbed. A later wire, however, brought assurance that no serious damage had been done. During a heavy thunderstorm the fire-alarm bells attached to the palace suddenly rang out, and a detachment of Teutonic heroes of the helmet was instantly on the roof. The lightning in following the telegraph wires had caused the fire-alarm to ring; but beyond a sensation

among the inhabitants nothing happened. The picture galleries at the palace are celebrated for their fine collections, but exteriorly it is a very large and rather dismal-looking pile.

Princess Christian is taking a course of the waters at Bad-Nauheim, near Frankfort, before going on to Darmstadt. Bad-Nauheim is situated on the slopes of the Taunus Hills, about eighteen miles from Frankfort, on the way to Cassel. The little town is built at the base of a finely-wooded hill, from which are beautiful views, and the surrounding country affords many charming excursions. There is a handsome Kursaal, and the large bath-house is admirably fitted up. The famous salt springs are strongly mineralised, and attract a large number of patients every year. Bad-Nauheim was the favourite watering-place of the late Grand Duke of Hesse, and Princess Alice frequently stayed there with her children.

The Duke of Connaught is to be away from Aldershot on leave during September and October. The Duke is to spend the greater part of September abroad, and the Duchess is expected to go to Aix-les-Bains, while the children are to accompany the Queen to Balmoral. On their return to England the Duke and Duchess will go to Scotland, where they will reside until they go back to Bagshot at the end of October.

The Ministerial Whitebait Dinner at Greenwich to-day, which marks the actual or approaching end of the session, dates back to the times of Mr. Pitt. It owes its origin to the hospitality of Sir Robert Preston, an Elder Brother of Trinity House, and sometime M.P. for Dover. This wealthy and genial gentleman was the happy possessor of a fishing-cottage at Dagenham Reach, in Essex, where he often entertained his ancient friend George Rose, the then Secretary of Trinity House. On one occasion, towards the end of the session, Pitt was invited to a dinner at the fishing cottage, and so thoroughly enjoyed Sir Robert's hospitality—for both he and his host had the reputation of being two- if not three-bottle men—that the dinner at Dagenham became an annual institution, to which, in later years, Lord Camden and other congenial spirits were invited. But the distance from town was great, and express-trains not invented, which made the visit somewhat inconvenient to Pitt and other Ministers. Greenwich was therefore suggested as a sort of half-way house by the jovial Scotch Baronet, and, as by this time the dinner, at which whitebait was always much in evidence, had become a kind of family party, where the members of the Cabinet were all gathered together, Sir Robert Preston, though still nominally the host, ceased to bear the expenses; but he still sent out the invitations and added to the feast a fat buck and plenty of champagne to wash down the good venison. By degrees a meeting which had been purely gastronomic assumed—perhaps in consequence of the long reign of the Tories—a quasi-political character, and when Sir Robert Preston was gathered to his fathers the "fish dinner" which he founded had become an established event, and the invitations were no longer sent privately, as they had been up to that time, by the worthy founder. This time-honoured institution is doubtless a good one, for eating and drinking are good for digestion, and a good digestion, it has been said, makes men clear-headed and calm, and calmness and clear-headedness are excellent aids to counsels of State. Who knows what admirable reforms have not sprung from the Ministerial fish dinner at Greenwich?

All sorts of gossip is rife in connection with the approaching marriage of Lady Margaret Grosvenor and Prince Adolphus of Teck. That the bride is to have a dowry of a cool half-million sterling is probably. I should say, a *canard* of the first water. A fifth, or even a tenth, of that sum would be a handsome *dot* for even such an "extra-double-gilt" nobleman as his Grace of Westminster to bestow on one of five daughters. Besides, to parody Browning's well-known lines—

This Budget has made us thrifty:  
Five hundred thousand! Let's say fifty.

That the ceremony will take place in the private chapel at Eaton Hall is likely enough. The chapel is a very "chaste and elegant" building, as the guide-books say, and quite in keeping with the magnificent building which was erected in the early part of the century from the designs of a once celebrated architect, Mr. Pordew.

Smart weddings are being solemnised late in the season this year, and all that was left in town of society appeared at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on Tuesday, last week, to see Mr. W. F. Egerton and Lady Alice Godolphin Osborne married. The bridal dress, of white satin, had been patriotically woven at Spitalfields, and the bridesmaids, in pink brocade, with chiffon bodices in the same soft colour and pink poppies set on white chip hats, made a charming picture. The guests reassembled in Grosvenor Crescent after the wedding, the Duke and Duchess of Leeds' house being turned into a perfect bower of white flowers, which made an excellent background for the many brilliant costumes. The happy pair spend their honeymoon at historic Chatsworth, lent them for the occasion by "Uncle Devonshire," and they left early in the afternoon, under the time-honoured cloud of rice and white slippers.

Mornington Cannon has been riding with a great amount of success this season, and he will be a good second to T. Loates at the end of the year. Cannon received a good education at Queenwood College, and I believe he was intended for one of the professions, but he preferred to follow his father's calling. Cannon is a good all-round sportsman. He hunts a good deal in the winter. He is passionately fond of the river and rowing; he is a good swimmer and talented musician. Mornington is married, and lives on the border of the Solent, near Southampton.



"The Twelfth" always gives Scotland—to say nothing of the "high-class" tailor, who blossoms with a window full of stuffed grouse, rifles, and homespun—its innings. If you can't take a moor, you can take a tour over the Border; and if you can do neither, you can read a book written in Scots and imagine that you are in the home of the heather. Certain it is, if the book is written in genuine Doric, you are much more likely to get an insight into the national life of the Scot than you can do by flying in a train through his country. Yet the books that are written in the unadulterated Doric are little known beyond Scotland. Mr. Barrie, for instance, reproduces but a small part of the expressive vernacular of his characters, and other writers who give us books dealing with Scotch life do less still. The more or less phonographic reproduction of the Doric is left largely to little-known authors, who find an outlet for their work in the columns of their local newspapers. A favourite column in some of these publications is that in which, from week to week, some imaginary man or woman of the people discusses the men and manners of the moment in "braid Scots." In one paper it is "Tammas Bodkin" that holds forth; in another, "Peter Birse" discusses passing events as viewed by himself and his spouse "Kirsty." I have just come across another such worthy in the shape of "Bawbee Bowden," who has for some time amused the readers of the *Arbroath Herald* with her reflections, which are republished in book form under the title of "My Man Sandy" (Arbroath: Brodie and Salmond). The volume is a chronicle of small beer, written entirely in excellent Scots as spoken in Angus—for dialects differ very considerably—and told with much truthfulness to a certain type of life. To the exiled Scot this sort of book gives infinite pleasure, and it is always amusing. A capital portrait of Bawbee and her "man" appears in a clever frontispiece by Mr. James Greig, whose virile work is familiar to readers of *The Sketch*. Such books do a great deal to keep alive a language that the School Board is doing its level best to kill.

Dunmow was the scene of a great gathering on Bank Holiday, nearly twenty thousand people having assembled to note the portentous apportioning ceremony of the classic "fitch." Quite an embarrassment of loving couples appeared to claim this blissful bacon, and the judges had a difficult and delicate task in selecting, among various matrimonial successes, whom to award the toothsome rasher. A curtain-lecture here, or traces of a revelling latchkey there, made the way swift and simple with the majority of Joans and Darbys. But to decide between the Hibernian harmony of Mr. and Mrs. Angelo Fahie's domesticity on the one hand and the Saxon sweetness which characterised that of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Welsh on the other was clearly impossible to the most observant outsider. The Gordian knot was, therefore, cut to universal admiration by awarding a fitch to both, and the long life of marriage as an institution toasted during the evening wherever a drink or a sentiment was obtainable.

The Primrose League has been on a round of rollicking lately, and all its habitations, rural, urban, and otherwise, have resounded to the pipe of peace, if not the actual pæan of rejoicing. What practical results the League attains is, beyond doubt, satisfactorily proved to its many members; but its genial consumption of tea and other trifles is not to be gainsaid on *fête* occasions. Over one thousand folk were seated in the ball-room at Powis Castle, for instance, last week at a League gathering, and in another part of loyal little Wales Sir Pryce and Lady Pryce-Jones had the usual "tea," supplemented by an open-air dance, at which devoted adherents of the Opposition footed it merrily on the greensward of Dolerw. May I not be accused of irreverence if a recent experience recalls itself at this moment. "That son of mine, you know," said an anxious father to a friend; "can't do anything with him. Doesn't seem fit for any work; so dull; nothing in him. What would you do?"—anxiously. "My dear friend"—from the other, reassuringly—"lots of things going about for fellows like that. Get him a club, or something on the Primrose League, or that sort of thing, doncherknow." Exit father, comforted.

That disgusted philosopher who told Britons in a body "to go to pot" this week if they will not open their eyes to the good wheatland within half an hour of town, which he represents as crying out for the wasted irrigation material with which we pollute our Thames, has some reason for his wrath. The subject of sewage, though unsavoury, has an economic value of its own, and this Cheltenham gentleman goes into his figures very practically, putting before us the pros and cons of irrigating wastelands, as in Essex, with London sewage, instead of "muddling with chemicals and sludge and defiling the Thames withal." The question of such "truly rural" economy is a large and burning one, no doubt, and the fellow-feeling which makes us wondrous kind has suggested this word in season, as I am at present deeply interested in the evolutions of some palms which, costing a guinea each, refused to flourish on any terms in my drawing-room until some truly Christian friend suggested tepid tea, since when my treasures have resumed growing with great apparent cheerfulness.

Welcome to everybody is the intelligence that Mr. Willard is to be temporary tenant of the Garrick during the absence of Mr. Hare, and hence there will be no marked change in the sort of fare presented at the Charing Cross Road theatre. I don't know whether Mr. Willard's arrangements for the immediate future will include that revival of "Hamlet" to which I alluded some weeks ago, but my curiosity has been sharply whetted by the announcement that he is thinking of playing

Count Fosco in the dramatisation of Wilkie Collins's famous novel, "The Woman in White." Count Fosco is a rôle that stands out clearly among my early theatrical memories. I did not see it at the Olympic in 1871, when the character was played by one of Mr. Clement Scott's old antagonists, the late George Vining, and was afterwards taken up by the original representative of Walter Hartwright, Mr. Wybert Reeve; but I was fortunate in witnessing Mr. Reeve's impersonation later in the seventies at Scarborough, when that clever actor-playwright was still manager of the local Theatre Royal. Mr. Wybert Reeve, now settled down in the Antipodes, has played the part all the world over for many hundreds of nights, and I can see that the character will give Mr. Willard splendid opportunities.

Count Fosco, it may be remembered, is a corpulent, elderly, and apparently amiable Italian, who lavishes innumerable little tenderesses upon his pet canaries, and is most affectionate to his wife, whom he playfully calls "*Mon ange*." But under this mask of kindly indolence there is concealed the ex-Revolutionary with a past, ready for all emergencies, ruthless in the prosecution of tenebrous designs, and always prepared to crush anyone who stands in his path. An actor with the skill in making-up, the deep, firm glance, the strong jaw, and the immovability of countenance of Mr. Willard should find in this rôle the material for a character sketch of extraordinary interest, and if this new Count Fosco should be seen at the Garrick, I shall be a false prophet indeed if the audiences are not kept on the strain until the closing scene, when the curtains across the French window at the back are flung aside and Fosco is stabbed by the emissaries of that secret society which he had betrayed.

Hospitably received as it is almost everywhere, yet the British Association must look on some towns as ideal meeting-places. Such a centre is Oxford, where the Association has enjoyed the past week.



ADDISON'S WALK, OXFORD.

From a Photograph by G. Clinch. Copyright reserved.

Oxford seems the natural home of learning. The place reeks of erudition, and the British Association may still be supposed, despite many sneers, to be in search of knowledge. The whole *locale* of the grand old town is delightful—such bits, for instance, as Addison's Walk—and if the Association has not learned much, it has at least enjoyed itself as much as it could do anywhere.

The erstwhile "twin stars" of the Savoy ought, surely, be grieved to hear that at a recent performance of "H.M.S. Pinafore," at Cleveland, Ohio, sundry features never contemplated by the collaborators were introduced. For instance, one comedian gave several Irish clog dances and reels, and was frequently encoored for his singing of a Hibernian ditty, "Swim Out, O'Grady!"



For an utter absence of self-consciousness and that modesty which retards progress, commend me to the average Teuton. No sense of being ridiculous appals him, no faltering belief in his own powers holds him back. The result is that in a very short time he acquires knowledge, and in a shorter time still claims that little knowledge which our sages call a dangerous thing. I was recently travelling in the company of one of the sons of the Fatherland, and a very typical son, too, fairly intelligent, very industrious, and, as far as I could tell, well read. He could not speak English, but had been studying it diligently for some little time, and being in English company decided to make the most of his opportunity. Accordingly, he took part in our conversations, and made such progress that in a few days he regarded with suspicion everybody who did not at first hearing understand his remarks. He would study his English-German phrase-book all the afternoon, and in the evening, round the dinner-table, launch the idioms at us. So long as he kept to his book and simple sentences he was all right, but one evening Nemesis overtook him. He had deviated from his usual simplicity with such success that, like Jeshurun of old, he "waxed fat and kicked." Accordingly, he discussed the claims of "Faust" as an opera and a play, wine and tea duties and the science of adulteration as practised upon the so-called wines of divers metropolitan restaurants, and other difficult topics. He got on beautifully until a shower brought up the interminable weather question, and a lady complained that the clerk of the weather had this year even forgotten to give us a homeopathic dose of summer. She added, however, that even England was better than Seville, where she had spent the early part of the season, for there the heat was oppressive and the mosquitoes were awful, while flies, moths, and ants ate everything up. "You are right, Madame," said the Teuton, who admired this lady, impressively; "the flies. I had last year in Seville come, where my best summer suit, which I left hanging up, *had eaten the flies*." And then he looked round with the air of a man who is justly proud, and we studied the familiar pattern of our dessert-plates with peculiar interest.

A few weeks ago I devoted an hour of a tropically-hot day to exploring the San Carlos Opera House of Lisbon. I had purposely made it the last of my list of sights, so that, in spite of the disappointment other places might bring me, this one should make amends. An opera house which has great traditions moves me as only an old cathedral or picture gallery can, and the San Carlos has its records in the archives of operatic history. The opera season in Lisbon commences in the winter and continues till the spring, and that of 1893-4 has been a big success, including at least one musical treat Londoners have not yet enjoyed, Verdi's *Falstaff*, by its creator, Maurel. First, as is my wont at home and abroad, I explored the stage, the green-room of the artists, the reception-room of the impresario, then examined the bewildering array of dressing-rooms, and finally the huge machinery of ropes, pulleys, and levers which works the scenery. The stage itself slopes from the back down to the prompter's box, so that your descent to the footlights, if rapid, is a run. I recollect Madame Katti Lanner telling me, a few nights before I left England, that when she was dancing in the Opera there the effect of the sloping stage was delightful, and that she felt a sensation akin to flying. By-the-way, in Lisbon all the old *habitués* of the San Carlos speak in terms of rapturous enthusiasm of her dancing, recall its many charms, and envy the English girls who now benefit by her tuition. The San Carlos itself is an ideal opera house, and is divided into gallery, stalls, and boxes. There are no other seats, and prices are consequently very regular. The surprising part of the business is the cheapness. A stall for a single performance only costs five shillings, and if you take one for the season it works out at about three shillings and sixpence for each performance. This, moreover, is at no sacrifice of quality, for a Lisbon audience is distinctly a critical one, and, apart from the fact that it encourages the odious *tremolo*, has exceptional musical taste. Of course, only star artists can be paid very high prices, but I am told that the *ensemble* is usually excellent.

The sympathy with which one travelling Englishman meets another in a distant country would, perhaps, to those who read of it at home—especially within the four-mile radius, where Englishmen are cheap—seem ludicrous. I was recently sitting in the vestibule of a large hotel, situated considerably nearer to Madrid than London, awaiting the arrival of some friends with whom I was going to the theatre. As a result of having dined wisely and well, I was in a very good temper, and took a benevolent interest in humanity at large. Suddenly a man ran into the hotel, and before he opened his mouth I knew he was an Englishman. The cut of his clothes, his umbrella, the size of his hands and feet, all carried conviction with them. He bounded up to the commissionaire and asked the way to the station, only to be contemptuously referred to the assistant-manager. The last-named could only shrug his shoulders in despair and tempt the Englishman with French, which was of no more use than Sanscrit in this instance. Urged by the condition of benevolence in which I found myself, I rose from my seat and volunteered the required information. "Great goodness!" said my newly-acquired acquaintance, "you don't say you're an Englishman! What luck! Come and have a drink," and I was almost carried away to drink wine after a coffee-and-liqueur, which is abomination. But, although I could not accept the refreshment, we stood chatting for a quarter of an hour, and insensibly we found ourselves praising England and declaring that there was no country in the world like it. He had been to see some huge grape plantations in the neighbourhood, and complained that, though they delighted him, he could not express his delight to anybody, and that

minimised his enjoyment. For one moment I meditated assailing him with those lines of Cicero in his discourse on Friendship, in which he describes that state of mind exactly, but, seeing that my new acquaintance had been so cordial in his greeting and so ready with his hospitality, I took pity upon him and allowed him to escape. I wonder if he will read these lines.

I have discovered the man for whom I have searched diligently throughout many towns and during many years—the man with the most extensive oath vocabulary. First I thought the average stage-manager of a comic opera or burlesque company held the honours, then a friend told me that the metropolitan representative of a popular sporting weekly could swear better and more rapidly than any man in England. This may be: I will back my hero, who is a man in a humble sphere of life. He holds no converse with gaily-clad pages or charming chorus girls; he does not write of fashionable music-halls and rowdy-dowdy clubs. He is but a ship's cook, and I heard him perform in a strong "sou'-wester" in the Bay of Biscay. I was present only by accident. The wind had tossed me out of my chair on the upper deck and into various parts of the ship, and at last I caught hold of a rail and held on like grim death outside the cook's domain. Seeing it could no longer disturb me, the wind decided to amuse the cook, and knocked two plates over, to start with. Neither broke, and the cook picked them up with an observation which should have warned the wind not to go too far. Instead of taking the warning, the foolish element upset a mould of blanchmange, and sent a boy who came staggering from one of the ovens with a joint almost into the copper, while the joint went to ground and ambled about a bit. Then that cook started. Not only the wind, but all the other elements, for owning such a relative—not only the food in his pantry, but all goods and pantries whatsoever—were included in his remonstrances, and he spoke his mind with such comprehensiveness and volubility that that wind dropped, and I stole back to my own quarters dumbfounded with admiration. A day or so afterwards I made his acquaintance, and congratulated him on his eloquence. Like all great men, he was very modest, and simply said that the rough weather did sometimes make him a bit angry. And to think that but for my accidental discovery of his genius so expert an oath-man would have wasted his profanity on the Bay of Biscay air!

If another Daniel came to judgment, or, rather, if a second Daniel Lambert were to appear among us, he might quite appropriately betake himself to the historic spot known as Saint Denis. In that place has lately been formed an association calling itself the "Friendly Society of 100 Kilos," an indispensable qualification for membership being the possession of the weight of at least 100 kilogrammes—that is to say, sixteen stone or thereabout. Sixteen fat business men of Saint Denis have been duly enrolled as members of the "Cent Kilos," and how rigorously the test of weight is applied may be judged from the fact that M. Gambier, a local official, has been excluded because he is shown by the recording scales to be merely ninety-nine kilogrammes and a little more. Bearing in mind the constitution of the society, no one need be surprised to be told that a monthly banquet of aldermanic sumptuousness is to be included among the "functions" of this association of fat Frenchmen.

In few cases is a little knowledge so dangerous as in that of the pottery maniac. If he knows nothing, and has money, he can go to safe people like Lichfield and get what he wants—or, rather, thinks that he wants. If he trusts to his own judgment and what he learns from books, he is sure to come to grief. Such a work as "Pottery and Porcelain Marks," by Messrs. Hooper and Phillips, of which I have just got the fourth edition, seems the "little knowledge" in its acutest form. For people use such a book wrongly; they employ it as a test of the authenticity of pieces, forgetting that the man who would imitate dishonestly a piece would and could imitate the mark. It is useful, perhaps, rather because the absence of the mark is evidence, not conclusive, of falsity than its presence is proof of genuineness.

However, such a work, when done so well as this handy little book, has its value. If from internal evidence—perhaps I should say "external"—you know that the piece is Sèvres, not a Coalport imitation, is old, not modern, Rouen, then from the mark you can immediately learn a good deal of interesting matter about it. *A propos* of Rouen, I notice that the authors ascribe to the factory the *fleur de lis*, without hinting that some authorities believe that the pieces bearing it are imitations made at Lille; while, in dealing with Lille, they only give one of the curious dolphin marks of the factory that had the honour of introducing coal as fuel to France. By-the-by, there is a rumour about of a big find of pieces of the famous "Henri II." ware. If it be true, "what price" the hexagonal salt-cellar bought at the Hamilton Palace sale for £840?

What between its canal and its critics, Manchester can scarcely be so happy as it might be. And now comes the *enfant terrible* in the shape of the (presumably) youthful writer in *Ulula*, the magazine of its Grammar School, who echoes Lewis Carroll in this wise—

The sun was shining on the town,  
An unexpected boon;  
He did his very best to shine  
As brightly as the moon;  
And this was odd, because it was  
At Manchester in June.





HORTENSIO : " You 'll leave his lecture when I am in tune ? " [Retires.  
 LUCENTIO : " That will be never : tune your instrument."—" *The Taming of the Shrew*," Act iii., Scene 1.



## A FELLOW-FEELING.

She drew her long fur wrap closer round her bright skirts as they got out of the cab, and looked lovingly at the dark trees in the Park and the grey pathway down which they purposed walking.

"It's a mad freak," he said with a manner as though he would have her believe that he did not enjoy the madness of it. "I am not at all sure that I ought to allow you to do this."

The last sentence was an experiment; he wanted to see if she was ready to accept the tone of authority.

She was; she went an inch or two closer to him as they passed through Prince of Wales's Gate and along the grey roadway. She said she had always thought it such a pity to waste the trees and the moonlight of the Park by driving home in cabs.

He said, "Oh, it isn't exactly wasted because we don't use it. This is the way; it takes us back a little. We shall cross the bridge, and come out at Lancaster Gate."

They walked on, silently for the most part, but speaking now and then in little snatches. He asked her if she was sure that she was warm enough, and once or twice she stopped and said "Look!" as the moon made its effects for them between the gaps of the trees. When they reached the bridge they stayed a little, and looked at the lights reflected in the water, and told each other, as all true Londoners do, that this was the most beautiful park in all the world, and that, standing where they did, among the trees and the mists and the dead silence, it was quite impossible to believe that they were within an eighteenpenny cab fare of the centre of the greatest city of the world, the very heart of the universe. She told him how, the other day, wandering about, exploring, she had come on a little brown hut, where men were shearing sheep, and he said that he knew of a foolish person who had gone all the way to Africa because he was fond of exploration, and suggested that they two should explore the Park together and write a book about it.

Presently a noise broke through the silence, an ugly noise; two coarse-voiced women came out of the darkness, quarrelling. They were not reticent as to the subject of the quarrel.

The girl looked up, shocked, and one of them, seeing her pure, frightened face, hated it, and, stopping short straight in front of the girl, hissed some taunt at her. He seized her arm and drew her out of earshot, angry with himself that he should have brought her where she could see and hear such things—almost angry with her for having suggested the walk, angry at the very existence of such women as those others in the presence of this one. The girl said nothing; she knew how angry he was. They hurried on; the coarse voices were left far behind. The stillness of the night came back, the lights along the Bayswater Road began to glimmer among the roots of the trees; he heard her quick breathing, and remembered that he might be walking too fast for her. He paused, and looked into her face.

"You are crying," he said. "This has hurt you. Forgive me for letting you hear such things. Let us forget about it."

"I am more sorry for them all than I can say," she answered. "I want to tell you something—perhaps I am not so good as you think me, and if I am not you ought to know it. I cannot despise those women as much as you seem to think I should—I do not think I despise them at all. People argue about it—it seems to me to matter so little whose fault it is, it must be so terribly sad to be like that. The Devil doesn't seem to have given them much for their souls, does he? That woman didn't look as if she found life very pleasant. Did you notice how thin she was? I don't wonder if they feel bitter when they see us other women. Sometimes I am so sorry for them that I almost love them. I want to tell you all this—perhaps you will dislike me for it. I remember once, when first I came to London—I had a hard fight of it, you know—very hard indeed, I didn't wear fur cloaks and go about in cabs then. I worked all day, and didn't make enough money, and I was always tired. One day I had been spending all the morning and afternoon seeing editors who didn't want me, and in the evening I had been taking notes of a hot, dull meeting, to see if I could do that kind of work, and when I took them into the newspaper office I was told that my notes were all wrong, and not what they wanted at all. I was very miserable and very tired when I got into a late 'bus to go home. I didn't live in a nice part then, and the late 'buses used to be full of dreadful people—tipsy and dirty and quarrelsome. Presently a woman got in—a woman of that sort, you know. She was alone. She was not prosperous at all; she had managed to make her clothes look fashionable and smart, but they were very poor. She was painted and powdered, but she was so tired under the paint she dropped down into her seat as if every limb ached from weariness. I was very sorry for her. It seemed as if our cases were quite alike. I had been offering my wares all day, and no one had wanted them; no one had wanted what she had to offer. We were both failures—it seemed to make a sort of relationship—I wanted to kiss her and tell her not to mind. At last a man got into the 'bus—a prosperous, idle-looking man. He saw the woman, and spoke to her in an undertone. I didn't hear the answer, but presently they stopped the 'bus, and got out together—and—and—I wasn't sorry. She had found an editor."

He did not speak. They walked on, out through the gates and along the lighted road. Presently he broke into a triumphant laugh.

She looked up, pleased—she did not quite know why—at the tone of the laugh, but puzzled by it. "What is it?" she said.

"I was remembering that you let me hold your hand a moment the other night, and I know now that you would not have done that if you had not meant to marry me and known that I should soon ask you."

NORAH VYNNE.

A CHAT WITH THE CHAMPION OF THE  
CORPS DE BALLET.

In the abode of a clergyman who is champion of the *corps de ballet* the most unprejudiced of mortals would expect to see something curious, particularly if he accepts Balzac's theory of the reactive effect of man on his house and his house on man. Consequently, when, after passing through a hall adorned with photos of J. F. Millet's works, of ancient statuary, Pagan and Christian, and of early Italian religious pictures, I found myself in the study of the Rev. Stewart Headlam, I took stock with almost the curiosity of a broker's man. I spare you the inventory, merely noting that I saw huge volumes of reports of the proceedings of the School Board, devotional books, pictures of sacred subjects, and photos of dancing girls on all sides of me. However, I was soon interrupted by the appearance of my subject.

"I am willing to talk of the morality of the ballet, not of the morals of ballet-girls. I think it impertinent to a class of women whom



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

THE REV. STEWART HEADLAM.

I respect to adopt a needless attitude of *qui s'excuse s'accuse* towards them. If they are attacked, then I will say that ever since I was curate of St. John's Church, Broad Court, Drury Lane, I have had intimate knowledge of their way of living, and I think it compares favourably with that of any other class of girls forced to go out into the world to fight for existence."

"But I thought that the Church and Stage Guild——"

"The Guild, of which I have been secretary since its beginning, from my point of view, is rather directed to the art than the lives of the players and dancers. So far as they are simple human beings, we should have founded no society in relation to them; but it is because the art that they represent is, through ignorance, despised by many good folk, and because, consequently, the artists suffer with some folk in esteem, that we exist. We wish to make the clergy and those who accept their views understand the true nature of the stage and of ballet-dancing, and so cause them to lose the gross prejudice under which they now labour."

"Is the society a success? How does it work?"

"Yes; we have now some 250 members. Some of the clergy who joined us have gone away from us on account of the episcopal attacks upon us, for they feared to lose their power for good in other directions if they openly adhered to the society. We have monthly meetings of the Guild, when members of it and of the stage are brought into contact, and also, in summer, picnics, dances, and—when we can—lectures and discussions. I believe we are succeeding, and that a broader, truer view is being taken of the once-despised dancer."





"COMING OFF."

"Then you find the prejudice hard to conquer?"

"Very hard; yet it is vital to deal with it. Until people recognise stage-dancing as a legitimate branch of the fine arts, its full development cannot be reached. The unenlightened conscience really is a great prejudice to the community. To me, a dance executed by a real dancer is full not only of beauty but of dignity. What do I think of the actual state of dancing in England? It is difficult to answer shortly. The principal dancers, no doubt, are as brilliant as in the so-called 'palmy days' of the ballet. Why not? The foreign schools pursue the old system of training conscientiously, and it would be absurd to suppose that the raw material is in any way inferior to what it was in former days—therefore, the product must be equally good."

"But people do not talk of a Bertoldi or Legnani as they did of a Taglioni or Fanny Elssler—though, perhaps, as much fuss was made

possible for them spend money on improving themselves? I say, give the front rank an extra salary if they practise, and then bind them for three years to the theatre."

"But," I asked, "why is the front rank such a deadlock?"

"It is because, except for the short pantomime season, there is very little demand for leading dancers, and the foreigners from the great Continental schools, of course, get the preference, partly, perhaps, because they have been thoroughly trained from childhood. What about the comic opera stage? Well, the long skirts cover a multitude of sins against the art of Terpsichore, and that class of work hardly comes within the province of the ballet-dancer, whose art is infinitely more difficult and exacting. No doubt, it is easy to them."

"Of course. I remember that Legnani, in the late 'Don Juan' ballet at the Alhambra, in her exquisite skirt dance, threw the



FACING THE HOUSE.

over the efforts of the half-baked dancers in the *Gaiety pas de quatre* as in the *pas de quatre* over which our fathers raved."

"No doubt; that arises from the fact that in our fathers' time the only important ballets were given at the Italian Opera, to which all the world went, and about which all the world talked. Now the home of the ballet is at the two great music-halls, and society does not go to them—officially. The principals, of course, in London equal those abroad, as there is quite a free trade in dancers with the Continent. The front rank is not so good as it should be; the technique of the ladies is imperfect. The reason is not hard to see: the ordinary dancer progresses till she gets to the front rank, then she makes a dead stop."

"I suppose she does not develop from that into becoming a solo dancer?"

"Quite so; consequently, as a rule, she is content with merely attending rehearsals, and will not practise, and practice is essential—a Legnani never fails to practise one or two hours a day. Jacobi, at my lecture at the Playgoers' Club, said that English dancers are lazy, that the Alhambra had offered to start a practising class at the nominal fee of eighteenpence a week for attendance. He does not meet the point, however. Why should dancers who have reached the highest position

efforts of all the burlesque and comic opera school performers into the shade. Do you see signs of the art of real dancing winning its true position?"

"Some, yes. Even in one case its importance is recognised in the country, and under the guidance of Miss Pattie—the ablest, I think, of our English dancers—there is a valuable school at Nottingham. Of course, the difficulty does not lie entirely with the Puritans. Ignorance of the art of dancing may be found among some of the critics, who know nothing of its technique, not even its nomenclature, and, consequently, pass judgments that ignore slovenly steps and inartistic conceptions, and also take no note of delicacies of style and fine pieces of execution. However, I hope and work, and feel sure that, gradually, good is being done. People are beginning to take the ballet seriously—that is the important thing."

"But is not the tendency of the Empire and Alhambra to subordinate the dancing to comic business and scenic effect, and does not that tell against your hopes?"

"No doubt, at the moment, there is that tendency, and I deplore it; but, on the whole, I, who have attended every ballet at the two houses for many years, feel that we owe them a substantial debt." E.



LITTLE RUBY.

*From Photographs by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*



## ROMANCE AT THIRTY-ONE AND SIXPENCE.

A weekly organ of soothing philosophy for which I have a great respect—for who does not esteem his *Spectator*?—has been combating the manifesto of the Authors' Society against the three-volume novel. "It is no use," says philosophy in effect, "to declaim against the circulating libraries in the interests of fiction as an art. The subscriber to Mudie's cares nothing about art; what he wants is a sedative. He is worried or over-worked; he has a Tired Brain, and he turns to Mr. Mudie as to a great Medicine Man who dispenses opiates in three volumes. So the chief business of the novelist is to furnish a story which shall be neither exciting nor dull, but a gentle stream of unimpassioned narrative which carries the reader placidly along with appropriate pauses for siesta, dinner, and other harmonious accompaniments. As he gets this medicinal refreshment from the circulating libraries for two guineas per annum, how can you expect him to buy novels in one volume even for a couple of shillings, novels which, moreover, when they have once ministered to the Tired Brain, he never wishes to see again? This would be a most irrational expense; it might even amount to fifteen pounds a year, and that in itself would be a cause of vexation which the Tired Brain could never endure. Instead of the great Medicine Man's shop in Oxford Street, can you not see a forbidding structure with high walls, and spiked gates, and barred windows through which glances the sad face of the citizen who was robbed of his sedative in three volumes, and driven off his mental balance by the extravagant purchase of exciting tales at a florin apiece?"

This, I hope, is not an unpardonable paraphrase of the *Spectator's* argument; but, somehow, it does not carry conviction. In the first place, I am sceptical about that Tired Brain. Sometimes I doubt very much whether it is a brain at all, and not an excuse for vacuous indolence. When I look into the magic crystal which every philosopher ought to keep at his elbow—it makes an excellent paper-weight—I see the Tired Brain reposing in a hammock, with a cooling drink at no inconvenient distance, or sitting in the boudoir with its pretty ankles on a cushion, or stretched on three chairs at the club, after the mental strain of a ride in the Park. In all these situations the unimpassioned novel is an excellent herald of the Prophet Morpheus; but I do not perceive that stupendous exertion of the mind, after which the novelist is called in as a medical practitioner with a prescription absolutely necessary to save an overtasked intellect from decay. Does the *Spectator* really suppose that the boxes which Mr. Mudie despatches to the country, ominously lined with fiction whose destiny in the old days was to decorate the interior of trunks, serve the diet of exhausted brains and over-wrought nerves? Let not your discreet heart think it. Besides, what basis is there for the assumption that the average three-volume novel is the indispensable sedative? Is our insularity such that we believe there are no weary brains anywhere save in this island? How does the fagged or worried man or woman on the European Continent or in America sustain the drooping faculties? "As long as worry and overwork and nerves," says the *Spectator*, "hold their place in the world, so long will those dispensers of sedatives, the circulating libraries, flourish and abound." Dear, dear! What a lamentable case must be that of the Tired Brain abroad! How does it recruit its gray matter, poor thing, when it happens to be French or American? The thought must strike wonder and compassion to many a tender heart in our fortunate land. We are nothing if not missionary, and I should like to know how much longer British benevolence is going to wait before projecting the Society for the Propagation of Mudie in Foreign Parts!

The French have their sedative authors, it is true. The romance of M. Ohnet is not delirious, though our average novelist is to this writer as toast-and-water unto wine. But nobody in France craves, apparently, to borrow M. Ohnet at so much a year. And the other French romancers, who count their buyers by scores of thousands, and to whom thirty editions are commonplaces, are they never read by the Tired Brain? Are the patients who are ordered to Aix-les-Bains sternly forbidden to peruse "Germinal" or "Sapho" or "Le Disciple"? Perhaps, when the invalids congregate for the morning dose of the waters, the scene is something like this—

FIRST TIRED BRAIN. What do you think? I really must be much better. My doctor says I may take half a page of Zola after each meal!

SECOND T. B. (*dejectedly*). You are lucky! The week I came here I was allowed ten lines of Maupassant after dinner, but that has been knocked off.

FIRST T. B. Poor fellow! But don't they let you read anything?

SECOND T. B. Yes; Madame de Genlis—in water.

FIRST T. B. In water!

SECOND T. B. Yes; I have to sit first with my feet in hot water, to prevent any rush of blood to the head.

FIRST T. B. I see. Madame de Genlis, taken neat, might set up a fever. Well, I can stand my half-page of Zola without turning a hair. This morning I read that passage in "Germinal" where—

SECOND T. B. (*nervously*). Please don't.

FIRST T. B. Oh, there's nothing improper. It's the scene where—

SECOND T. B. You really mustn't. I should like it, but I feel I am getting dangerously excited already.

FIRST T. B. Oh, nonsense! It will give you a wholesome fillip. The passage begins with—

SECOND T. B. Help! Help! (*Swoons. Sympathising bystanders gather around with salts and fans. SECOND T. B. presently revives.*) Thanks, kind friends. So sorry to trouble you, but that Tired Brain over there was so inconsiderate as to begin reciting Zola, which, in my weak state—Madame de Genlis, you know—in water— (*Breaks down and sobs.*)

SYMPATHISING B.'s (*to FIRST TIRED BRAIN*). Shame! And you in such rude health, too!

FIRST T. B. (*selfishly*). Just so. Never felt so well in my life. Ha! ha! I'll go and increase the dose of Zola to a page! [*Exit amid execrations.*]

But we have at home a number of novelists, of varying merit, who are not in the least degree sedative. Does no weary mind find solace in Thomas Hardy, or Robert Louis Stevenson, or Rudyard Kipling, or Quiller Couch, or Conan Doyle? I do not put Mr. Meredith at the head of this list, because, for divers reasons, he must be considered by himself. To read him steadily is, no doubt, like a course of gymnastics. You feel half the time as if you were practising the flying trapeze, and that if a rope should snap you may go whirling through chaos. But it is a mental exercise so rare, so invigorating to the fancy, that when you are following the master-gymnast at his best the sensation is that of careering through the planetary system and taking short cuts to the sun. Even the Tired Brain, assuming that it is not an arrant impostor, and no brain whatever, may have a delightful sense of strength and elevation in George Meredith after a preliminary training. I admit that a certain fatigue may supervene, as the doctors say, here and there in "Lord Ormont and his Aminta." You will always find some Meredithian refusing to hold parley with critics who venture to question this masterpiece. He lies awake at night, like Mrs. Tanqueray, hating them. But if you are not afraid to call your soul your own, or to be pursued by certain Meredith men who are ready to quaff hot blood at the sign of the Bodley Head, you may hint that Lord Ormont's treatment of Aminta is both intolerable and inexplicable, that Aminta herself is too seldom articulate, that Mrs. Pagnell is a bore, that even Lady Charlotte suffers from a tortured utterance, as of one who is doomed to talk a Liebig's extract of innuendo. But then nobody, save George Meredith, could have written that delightful wooing of Weyburn and Aminta in the sea; nor would any other novelist, bred for England, home, and beauty, have dared to tweak Mrs. Grundy's nose by sending Lady Ormont to live with a schoolmaster in Switzerland, and Lord Ormont to consign a boy of his own kith and kin to the tuition of that moral atmosphere. This is no sedative for Mrs. G. I wonder whether the good soul ever asks for Mr. Meredith at the circulating library, and whether Mr. Mudie ever drops a copy of "Lord Ormont and his Aminta" by accident into the hammock.

The conception of the novelist as a drudge to a valetudinarian public—an intellectual menial, so to speak, who pushes the great B.P. gently along in a bath-chair—is certainly not consistent with his self-respect. He is told that without the circulating library he cannot live, and that through the circulating library he appeals to the reader only as a sedative. Naturally, he associates this low status with the system of borrowing books instead of buying. Observers of the national character assure him that the English will never burden their shelves with mere fiction, and he wonders in his simple way whether the argument is that fiction is poor because it is not bought, or that it is not bought because it is poor. Surely there is a market for many books, or how could booksellers, who seem to be plentiful, subsist? It is clear, too, that there must be buyers of novels, or why these new editions of novelists who have attained popularity, if not the blessedness of immortals? If it were possible, by some form of publication not specially designed for the circulating libraries, to seduce a couple of shillings or even half-a-crown out of the public pocket, would not this operate in the long run as a stimulus both to the market for fiction and to its quality? Why should not the paper-covered English novel flutter over our happy isle as the yellow novel of France spreads its saffron wings over educated Europe? I admit that yellow is not a suitable tint for the literature of our hearths and homes. It has associations which jar on the sensitive retina of our island propriety. But why not green, the hue of our incomparable verdure, suggestive of the light and life which spring from a wholesome soil, moistened by the dews of heaven, which are specially bountiful to a virtuous people? Saving the *Yellow Book*, of course, orange would be ill at ease on our English lawns, and suspect in our mossy glades; but a green-backed novel would be at home, not in cloth binding, stiff boards which suggest a cross between a tightly-laced corset and a strait-waistcoat, but in paper soft to the touch, without sharp corners, easily companionable, lovable for its fragility.

It will be objected that such an experiment would put author and publisher on the wrong side of the ledger, that the fastidious would make outcry about poor paper and unreadable type, that the green covers would bestrew the Vallombrosa of the bookstalls in neglect and decay. I am inclined to think, on the contrary, that one or two popular authors in this dress would have a great sale, that by-and-by the public would devour many green covers like young lettuce, and that the plan would enormously encourage meritorious authors and discourage the mere sedative ciphers. I read in one of François Coppée's essays the other day a glowing tribute to the fecundity of literary talent in France. On all sides young writers were coming to the front with new resources of observation and fantasy. There are reasons why this current of ideas may never be so strong in England, but nobody who follows contemporary fiction in America can fail to be struck by the vigour and freshness of writers whose names are scarcely known on our shore of the ocean. Is our native sap running dry, or is it checked by the circulating library?

L. F. AUSTIN.

## NOTE.

The *Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

## TO AUTHORS AND OTHERS.

It is particularly requested that no further poems or short stories be sent to *The Sketch*, as the Editor has a supply sufficient to last him well into the twentieth century.





SPRING-TIME.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## A LIFE'S SACRIFICE.

BY A. DAVENPORT.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE CAUSE.

It was Fair Day in Antheen, in County Cork, and the town, for the nonce, was given over to pigs, geese, and peasantry. The market-square was a medley of grunting, noisy animals and rickety carts with nondescript

Irish mare in the shafts, and as he jumped off a slight murmur ran through their ranks, which, however, was stilled at once.

Val Hastings had come into the property unexpectedly a few months ago by the death of an uncle, and, being energetic by nature, and having heard that the sport on the estate was good, had come over to relieve his agent and take up the reins of government himself.

So far he had not been unsuccessful, for he had obtained the goodwill of Andy O'Shea, and the result was that his "rint" was paid far more regularly than that of his brother landlords.

There were not people wanting to say that this came more of Hastings's friendship for Andy's sister, Winifred, than of Andy himself; but this was only a surmise.

Val Hastings was rather an uncommon type of a man; independent and with no profession, he amused himself with travel and sport, and wherever he went acquired a reputation as a dead shot and a brave, though reckless, man, which he undoubtedly was. He had been left an orphan early, and his training had been none of the best; the result was that his watchword was "*Pour s'amuser*," and he carried out this maxim to the letter. His face was clean shaven, dark, and resolute, with that indescribable look on it of a man who has looked Death in the face and braved him. He might have been thirty, but the absence of hair on his face and his lithe build made him look younger, while his well-made figure was set off to its best advantage by the trim tweed riding-suit he wore.

Suddenly a hand was laid on his shoulder, and, looking round, his eyes met those of Andy O'Shea, with a look in them he had never seen before.

"Mr. Hastings, a word with you," he said, with hardly a trace of the Irish accent.

"At your disposal. What can I do for you? Anything in the farm line?"

"I am not going to speak about farms or cattle to-day, Mr. Hastings," he replied; "but about something I love better—my sister Winifred."

"Go on; I am listening," said Val, with a curious tightening of his mouth.

"I don't know whether you are aware that my sister and yourself are the common talk of Antheen, and, as her only relative, in her interest I demand to know what your intentions are towards her. When a man in your state of life takes undue notice of a girl in my sister's position I have a right to ask."

Something in Andy's tone jarred on Hastings, for he turned a trifle paler, and answered sternly—

"Whatever there is between Miss O'Shea and myself is between us two, not between you and me."

"Answer me," replied Andy, livid with passion, in a low voice; "answer me, or by the Blessed Virgin I'll thrash you here—here before every man, you creeping

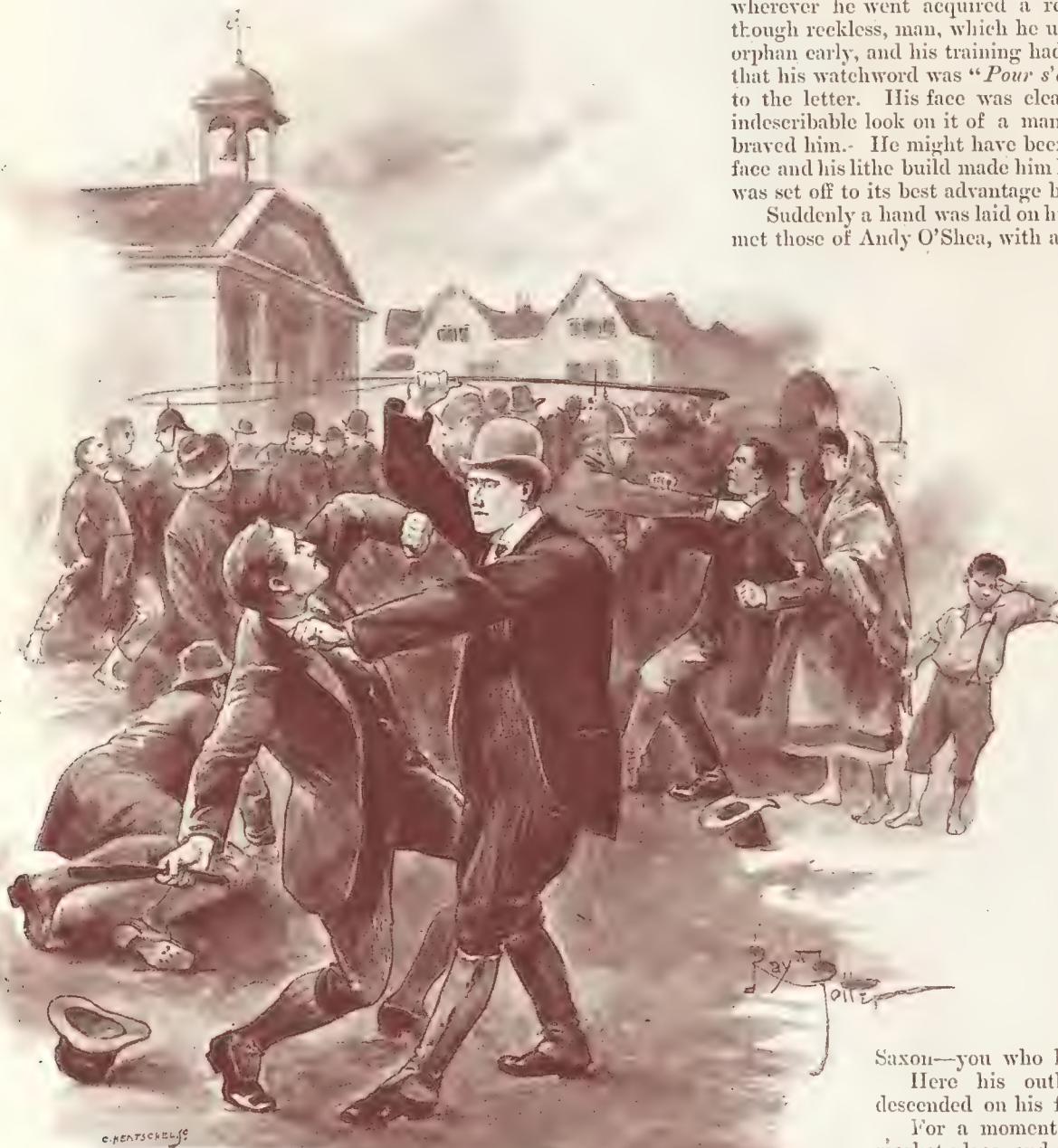
Saxon—you who have sneaked into my house and—"

Here his outburst was cut short, for Val's crop descended on his face, and O'Shea reeled on the ground.

For a moment dead silence reigned supreme in the market-place, and all gazed in astonishment on Hastings, standing with uplifted whip above the writhing O'Shea. Then the spell was broken, and, with shrill cries of "Down with the landlord! Down with the Saxon!" a score of men rushed at Val, and the fight began. Val stood with his back to a wall, and resolutely defended himself, but, strong as he was, they beat him down on

to one knee. Just as he was giving up hope, there was a shout of "Police!" a wild rush, and Val found himself, without knowing how, in the centre of a compact knot of about ten constabulary, slowly moving towards one end of the square, where the rest of the force had placed two carts across one of the only two entrances into it, and were keeping the mob at bay. The fight now became general; shillelaghs waved wildly everywhere, while amid the hubbub rose the squeals of the pigs, who, getting loose, rushed in all directions, and rendered the confusion too hideous to be described. Amid the thick cloud of dust, Val could see the mass that intervened between them and the barrier, and wondered, in his half-stunned condition, if they would reach it. Ah! they are moving; slowly at first, then faster, as their splendid discipline tells, and the mob surge aside before them. One last struggle, and he is lifted over the barrier, and a long howl of rage goes up from the crowd baulked of their prey.

"For God's sake, get out of this!" shouted the subaltern in



"Down with the landlord!"

horses, their owners the while quietly smoking their pipes, or gathered in loud argument outside the little taverns. Women with bare feet and heads covered with shawls, together with dirty little blue-eyed urchins, completed a picture which is about as quaint and old-world as any that our British Isles can show. Andy O'Shea was there in the thick of the crowd, towering above his shorter countrymen by a head and shoulders, with the dark hair and blue eyes that proclaimed him a true Irishman. "King of Antheen" they called him, and in truth that was much about the position he occupied; for his personality swayed public opinion to a great extent, while his shrewdness and superior education caused him to be resorted to for advice by all the country-side. Although a farmer in a large way, he was well connected, and claimed to be descended from one of the oldest Irish families.

In the midst of the clamour and bustle, a rattle of wheels is heard, and the peasants crane their necks to have a look at their new landlord. The gentleman in question drove up on a smart car, with a grand little



command, as he helped him on to his car. "Drive your hardest, and then, perhaps, we can keep these devils in."

A flick at the mare, a spring, and the low stone walls began to slip past the car rapidly. Then the cool air at the same time revived the half-stunned man. But when he came to himself the roar of the mob had died down in the distance, and they held their way unchecked to Antheen Hall.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE EFFECT.

The moon was rising slowly, throwing a long, rippling shadow on the black river, which eddied along under a bank where a clump of dwarf oaks and willows formed a sort of bower. Further down, a few lights



*The cold face lay white and awful to the sky.*

flickering from a long, low building marked the position of O'Shea's farm. From out of the gloom a figure wrapped in a long cloak glided down to the edge of the river, and stood shivering from time to time at the cries of the night-fowl and the chill damp of the stream. Suddenly, amid the sounds of the woods, her listening ear caught the faintest splash of oars, and the hood slipped from her head as she came down to the brink of the river and peered intently into its dancing shadows.

It is a sweet face which the moon shines upon; large grey eyes fringed with long black eyelashes, small, shapely nose, little mouth, and red lips quivering with expectation; the pale face ringed with an aureole of golden-brown hair, which nestles over the high white forehead in a hundred little ringlets. Such is Winifred O'Shea as she stands there waiting by the lonely river. And as she paused a long black streak glided round the point, and with a few strokes of the paddle a Canadian canoe came under the shadow of the bank. A moment more and another dark figure stood beside her, and she threw her arms round his neck and kissed him again and again.

"I am so glad you have come, dearest," she said at last; "I have been so alarmed for you."

"Why have you troubled your dear little heart about me, child; am I not able to take care of myself?"

"Yes; I know you are strong and brave, but that is no good when you are taken unawares, when a bullet sings from behind a stone wall—"

"Ah! what are you saying—a bullet, a stone wall? Have you heard any threats against me? You must have, or you would not speak so. Who is it? Your brother?"

There was no answer, but the proud head sank on his shoulder, and he could feel the form in his arms quivering with ill-suppressed sobs. He stooped and kissed her.

"Promise you will not betray him," she answered at last, "for he is very dear to me, my brother, but you are dearer still. That is why I am here now to warn you. On that dreadful night he came home with his head bandaged, and, eyeing me grimly, he pointed to his wound and said, 'This is your lover's handiwork. Will you take him to your arms after this?' Then Mike Dennis and John O'Hara stepped forward and

said, 'The Saxon blackguard will niver do it agin to ye; he is marked, and the devil will have his soul, mebbe, but we will have his body.' Oh, love of mine, take care!—if you were to die and leave me my heart would break!"

"These men are weak chatterers, brave in words alone. Why have they not tried to do their work before? This morning I was riding alone, this afternoon I was driving."

"Hush, Val! don't speak so loud; time is precious. Let me tell you all I know. The Garrison Ball, to-morrow night: you will be returning late on foot—"

"How, in the name of God, do my foes know that?" burst out Val.

"Never mind, they know it, and will ambush themselves in Perrin Woods. There can be no mistake—your felt hat and ulster are well known, and, besides, no one else will come back that way. There will be no one to help you, and you will fall in the middle of the white road. Oh, Val! my Val! promise me you will not go, or you will come home some other way—that you will avoid this in some manner! Think of my broken heart, think of the disgrace, the shame—"

But Val had put her firmly from him, and stood there with eyes that gleamed strangely, for a picture had risen before his mind. He is in Sicily, and from behind a rock four brigands rise up, and, with threats, demand money. He refuses; they attack. He has wrenched the knife out of the hand of the foremost, and places him and two others beyond the reach of fighting. Then the fourth clutches him, and they wrestle, near to the edge of a yawning precipice, with the gulls screaming below, nearer, nearer, till, with one outburst of strength, he throws him over the edge, and, as he sinks unconscious, hears the sickening crunch on the rocks four hundred feet below, and with the remembrance of past days the old Norman blood surged into his brain, hiding as in a mist the pleading, tear-stained face upturned to his, and he answered, "Do you think that I shall give up my plans because a cur who dare not face me hides and tries to kill me? I tell you I will walk back through Perrin Woods to-morrow night, and if he or anyone else molests me I shall shoot them as they would shoot me if they will stand up and face me. To think that a Hastings should be defied by a coward—"

"Val, he is my brother!"

"Yes, and a coward, and you would have me be a coward too. I love you, Winifred; but I love my honour better, and I will show your brother, or anyone who molests me to-morrow night, how I can vindicate it."

Winifred withdrew herself from his arms, and the tears died on her face, which had grown set and white as she listened. At last, with a sob, she answered—

"There is something inconsistent in what you say, Mr. Hastings; in one breath you vow you love me, and in the next you refuse to save our family from disgrace and me from despair and wretchedness. Don't you think I am worthy of a little love, a little consideration?"

"I fancy, Miss O'Shea, our conversation had better cease for to-night. I will find means of letting your brother know that I shall not avoid him. I should advise you to try an Irish lover now, Miss O'Shea; a Saxon one has too much self-respect to please you. Good night."

"Val, my love, for God's sake come back!"

But his canoe grates on the pebbles and he is gone. If he had turned back, if he had seen those outstretched hands and heard that piteous "Come back!" all might have been well.

But he never turned, and so signed her death-warrant.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE RESOLVE.

The next day hung slowly on Val Hastings's hands. He wandered about the grounds of Antheen Hall in an aimless way, meditating on the situation, and his blood flamed whenever he thought of O'Shea and the coming struggle. Hastings was no braggart or Don Quixote, but his honour was very sensitive, and never a doubt crossed his mind as to the course he should take that night. He would go armed, too, and meet this man, this coward, and dare him to fight to his face, and then—if he were killed—life was not worth much, and if he conquered— Anyway, Winifred O'Shea was lost to him, and he would try to be a man, and live his life without her. He once thought of sending a challenge to O'Shea, but, remembering that he had informed the head groom, a shifty-faced, suspicious-looking man, of his plans for that night, he went to him, and carelessly reiterated them, feeling certain that O'Shea would get the latest intelligence through this medium. And in this he was right; the man was in O'Shea's pay to spy on his master.

Dinner was an entire failure, and, pushing the untasted food from him, he went out into the dim hall, and took a green leather case from a chest of old oak. Then he drew out two revolvers, and, after loading them and examining them carefully, put them into the case, and the case into his long fawn coat. He returned into the dining-room, and, throwing himself into a lounge-chair, tried to divert his thoughts with a cigarette. But, do what he would, Winifred would rise before his eyes—Winifred as she was when he saw her for the first time. He had gone down to O'Shea's farm to look at a shed that wanted repair, and on his way back he had suddenly come upon her round a shrubby corner, and oh, how sweet she had looked in her blue blouse and a sort of sun-bonnet, against which her bright hair had gleamed under the sun! What a pretty expression, half fright, half amusement, she wore, and how queenly she seemed as she faced him! Could not things be altered! Was there not time?



"The dog-cart is at the door, Sir," said a trim man-servant. He rose and went out.

That morning, too, found Winifred O'Shea in a mental state which might be described as a fog. Thoughts, plans, doubts, hopes, fears—all chased each other through her head like swallows at play.

She knew her brother well—his vindictive nature, which would brood and brood until it would drive him to desperation, and that he would kill her as well if she attempted to interfere.

She knew her lover—his hasty soul, his absolute contempt for danger, and his determination—and a shudder passed over her; but that quickly died away as she remembered how they had parted. If he loved her, things would have been different; he would have saved her from this pain, this shame. But he loved her no longer—that was evident.

Suddenly a picture rose before her eyes; she saw the Perrin Woods, and the moon falling in strange white patches on the long road; she saw Val walking unconcernedly along with his swinging step; then a flash, a report, and he throws up his arms with a moan, and rolls over and over in the dust, and with an agonising cry she buried her face in her hands. No; her Val should not die like this; she would save him.

She would slip into the cloak-room and take his hat and coat, put them on, and, trusting to her height and lithe step, would walk down the road. She shivered; she was very young to die. But what had she left to live for?

The twilight deepened in the old oak-panelled room at O'Shea's farmstead, but still she sat there motionless, with her head on her hand, gazing with strained set eyes into eternity.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE SACRIFICE.

The officers' quarters at Antheen barracks were a blaze of light, and the soft strains of the band swept out on the night air, and died away as softly as they came. The gardens were illuminated with a myriad of coloured lights, which, as the night was windless, still burnt clearly, though it was past midnight, while their brilliancy contrasted pleasantly with the softer rays of the sinking moon. A tall, lithe figure in a felt hat and a long brown coat left the veranda, and slipped out through the lighted gardens into the main road. The high coat collar was turned up, and that, together with the fact that the felt hat was pulled well down over the face, entirely concealed the identity of the wearer. Just as the roadway was reached, the figure turned round to the lights behind, and the face showed white in the darkness—it was Winifred O'Shea going to her doom. She stopped a minute, and her brain reeled as she looked at the barracks behind and thought of Val. How cruel he was after all her love for him! Why did he not come and save her? No, it was Val that must be saved at any cost, and there was no other way. She stumbled along, and the pains of death rose before her eyes. Oh! the horror of it—the fiery ball eating into her flesh, the agony of writhing in the dust, for she felt sure Andy would not miss. Just as her resolutions were slipping away from her, something gleamed white in the moonlight on the roadside. It was a rough stone cross, inviting the passer-by to pray for the soul of one suddenly launched into eternity. Moved by a sudden impulse, she flung herself at its foot and prayed as she had never prayed before that whatever sins she had committed might be blotted out by this last sacrifice made in the spring of her youth, and that the path of trial she was about to tread would lead her to the heaven where in God's good time she would meet Val again. Then she rose and walked on, and all fear left her: only love for Val remained, that love which was prompting her to lay down her life for his sake. One hesitation, and she has turned aside down the pathway through Perrin Woods, where the moonlight falls in patches and flakes and bars—the pathway leading to her long rest.

Val was the first to find the body, as it lay huddled up, a little heap in a patch of light. A ghastly red streak showed where her life had ebbed away, and those pretty curls were all dabbled and splashed with the blood that formed a pool around her. The cold face lay white and awful to the sky, and the eyes seemed to quiver as the flickering rays fell upon them. He staggered, and a mist seemed to pass before him; then he knelt down by the side of the body, and gently drew down the eyelids. Something was clasped in the limp hand, but crushed in folds in her death struggle. He took it and smoothed it out—it was a photograph of himself. And as he knelt there, heedless of the possibility of a lurking foe, everything gradually dawned upon him—the all-absorbing love, the courage, the despair that had laid her dead at his feet, and he hid his face in his hands and passed through a hell more awful than ever Dante could have conceived—the hell of "what might have been." Then he rose, and, with a long kiss on the poor cold lips, left her to God and the wailing night wind.

Andy O'Shea was never seen in Antheen again, but his gun, with one barrel discharged, which was found by the bank of the river, left no doubt as to his fate.

Val Hastings left England almost immediately for East Africa, and, while going up country, met with a band of slave-traders. One survivor of his band alone returned to Zanzibar, and his tale of its complete annihilation has never been contradicted. And doubtless Winifred's prayer has been answered.

#### A GREAT FIRM OF NEWSAGENTS.

When the printing machines that boom busily in the small hours of the morning from end to end of Fleet Street become silent, the newspaper has far from reached the end of its journey to the breakfast-tables of its readers. The great newsagents step in, and then begins that elaborate system of distribution by rail or road. To the well-known house of Messrs. Marshall and Son belongs as much credit for the art of newspaper distribution as to any firm in the country. It is true that Messrs. W. and H. Smith, by reason of their monopoly of the railway stations, bulk in the public eye as the newsagents *in excelsis*. But it was the founder of the house of Marshall that really discovered the railway bookstall. In 1840 Mr. William Marshall began business in Leadenhall Street, and it was he who opened the first railway bookstall in England by establishing one at Fenchurch Street Station. Later, the firm tried the experiment at Stepney and Tilbury, on the same line, and in 1850 they obtained



concessions to open bookstalls on the Great Western system as far as Bristol in one direction and Swansea in the other. This went on until 1860, when they had to make way for the great monopoly. Meanwhile the business grew and grew, and had to be removed from Leadenhall Street, first to Ludgate Hill, and then to 125, Fleet Street, where it was carried on from 1855 until a month or two ago, when the firm—which is composed of Mr. Horace Marshall, son of the founder, and his son—took up its quarters in the handsome block of buildings in Temple Avenue, Thames Embankment, near the Guildhall School of Music, which has been named Temple House. The building, designed by Mr. Frederick Borcham, Finsbury Pavement, in the Italian style, and carried out by Messrs. Patman and Fotheringham, of Islington, is constructed of red brick and Portland stone. It occupies a corner site, with 100 ft. frontage to Temple Avenue and 80 ft. to Tallis Street. Both frontages are set back about 5 ft., so as to form an area from which a lofty basement is well lighted and ventilated. The basement and ground-floor, containing an area of nearly 16,000 ft., with hydraulic lift and every convenience, will be devoted to the general requirements of the business, the clerks' offices and stock-rooms being on the upper floor. On each of these floors and fronting Temple Avenue are suites of offices for the use of editors connected with the various publications issued by the firm, and also offices for the use of the principals. These rooms are approached from the chief entrance by a broad stone staircase with granite columns and oriel windows. The leading entrance is at the junction of the two streets. Business considerations naturally predominate in the arrangement of the structure, but wherever artistic features have been consistent with convenience and comfort they have been liberally introduced. Messrs. Marshall have now equipped themselves with a building worthy of the second greatest newsagents in the country, although the day may come when it will prove inadequate to the growth of their mighty business. What that growth has been may be seen from the following figures: In 1864, on Jan. 1, they sent out only 46,590 copies of the morning papers; on Jan. 1, 1890, the total number of papers sent out from Fleet Street was 194,479. Their business, therefore, has multiplied four-fold in thirty years. That relates to the morning papers alone, of which, roundly, 200,000 copies are despatched by Messrs. Marshall every morning between the hours of four and six. When we think of the vast array of periodicals they handle, it will be seen that theirs is an enterprise of enormous magnitude.



## THE ART OF THE DAY.

The portrait of Miss Ada Rehan as Lady Teazle, which has been engraved in stipple by Mr. E. Stodart for Mr. F. T. Sabin, of Shaftesbury Avenue, and printed in transparent colours, is an excellently pretty piece of work. The colour effect of the engraving is a delicate pink, and the costume and pose of the actress are both decorative and full of vitality. The work is upon a smaller scale than the far more pretentious engraving of the same actress in the part of Viola, issued by the same publisher; but it is far more lively, piquant, and attractive. The face in the coloured engraving is full of liveliness and charm, and the whole attitude is one of extreme vigour and beauty. The work has well justified the labour spent upon it.

The trustees of the National Gallery are, one by one, losing their members by death. After Sir Henry Layard, Lord Hardinge, who combined the qualities of an excellent connoisseur with those of a more than average artist. The Royal Academy has on several occasions given hospitality to his paintings and drawings, and, according to "Atlas," it was his delight to organise expeditions, in the company of his daughters, into parts of England and the Continent which afforded him the best variety of picturesque subjects for his brush.



THE TEST OF THE CHANGELING.—LOCKHART BOGLE.

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LE 9 JUIN 1601 LES BÂLOIS FÊTENT LEUR PREMIER CENTENAIRE DE LA RÉUNION DE LEUR VILLE À LA CONFÉDÉRATION HELVÉTIQUE.—C. H. PILLE.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



He was chairman of the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, taking a very keen interest in the welfare of that institution.

Returning to Sir Henry Layard, the full text of his will, the artistic interest of which we chronicled in this column recently, has just been published. There is nothing, however, of any great interest to record, save that the portrait of his uncle, Benjamin Austen, painted by Sir Martin Archer Shee, P.R.A., is to go to the Incorporated Law Society; the portraits of his collection, it is also well known, are not to go to the National Gallery; but, with these exceptions, the trustees of the Gallery will have the offer of the whole of his artistic collection. The portraits will go to his nephew, Captain Arthur McGregor Layard, after the death of Lady Layard. It is not often that a great gallery is the recipient of so splendid a present.

Mr. Lionel Cust's paper on Grinling Gibbons in the current number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* comes neatly, in a somewhat slack period of the year, to draw one's attention to the art which, of all others, has of late times been most persistently neglected, the art of wood-carving. The illustrations which accompany the article must serve, in the absence of personal inspection, to exemplify the genius of that extraordinary man, whose accomplishment stands alone and apart in the history of his art. Yet, with no further help than those illustrations, one is able to observe not only the wonderful beauty and elegance of the design, but also the perfect manner of the execution, the extraordinary grace of line, and the exact sense of proportion which has enabled the artist to fulfil realism in his medium without being *real* in the evil sense. His leaves and flowers have a supple fall and rise in their carving which show an appreciation which only a true and consummate genius in his own art could command. The paper may serve to remind and encourage, and that, in these days of waning art, would be much indeed.

M. Georges Lafenestre (collaborating with M. Richtenberger), the keeper of the paintings in the National Museum of the Louvre, has compiled an elaborate catalogue of the treasures under his charge, and it has been Englished by Professor Gausseron, and published in this country by Messrs. Dean and Son, Fleet Street. There are 3000 pictures in the Louvre, far too many to include in a handy catalogue: so the compilers have omitted over 1000 pictures, which



LEFT BEHIND.—FANNIE MOO: Y.  
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seemed less interesting than the others. Of the pictures catalogued, many details are given—dates, origin, cost of purchase, size, shape; while on the most celebrated works the estimates of distinguished critics have been given. The volume is rendered of more than mere guide-book value by the reproduction of a hundred pictures.

It was François I. (1515-47) that started what the translator calls "the starting fund of the paintings" which form the National Museum of the Louvre. His successors followed in his footsteps, so that by the beginning of the seventeenth century the collection numbered 200 works. Several private collections, such as that of Cardinal Mazarin, were added to it, and it has gone on growing year after year.

"He Comes," which is here reproduced, is by Andrea Landini, a Florentine artist whose reputation is not limited to the Italian peninsula, but which has reached America and the Colonies, and is now ripening in



"HE COMES."—A. LANDINI.

London. Signor Landini is essentially a portrait-painter, but to this talent there should be added his wonderful mastery over the "trick," as it is called in art circles, of representing exactly the material of drapery. The satin in the picture reminds one of the touch of Sir John Millais in "The Black Brunswicker," but Signor Landini exhibits in "A Return from the Wedding," painted in the costume of the Louis Quinze period, that he is equally competent to reproduce with his brush many other details of dress, the fineness of lace, the richness of silk brocade, the softness of the rarest furs, &c. This is a large and important work, which would bear engraving. As an example of his portraiture, one may instance his full-length portrait of the Princess of Wales as her Royal Highness might appear at a Drawing Room, for the artist admits that the Princess did not sit to him. However, the likeness is excellent, and the reproduction of the light-blue satin train, the *point d'Angleterre* lace, which cost a fabulous amount of francs for the purpose of the study, and the other accessories of the painting are most realistic and artistically beautiful. Signor Landini has gained much *kudos* by his portraits, among others, of the Prince of Naples, and of one of the Bethells, a son of Lady Westbury, and he is now engaged in painting the Countess Sergardi.

The new Italian art journal, *L'Italia Artistica e Industriale*, continues to keep up to a very high standard of excellence. The current issue deals exhaustively with the sculpture of Giulio Tadolini, two of whose busts, those of the King and Queen of Italy, are reproduced as full-page supplements. There are also some excellent reproductions of those exquisitely-illuminated missals which are the envy of the world. An elaborately-illustrated article deals with the lace work done in Venice. Altogether the journal has made an admirable start.

"Raphael Madonnas and other Great Pictures" is the name of a sumptuous work which will be published by Messrs. Bell and Sons. This will be the first attempt to give reproductions of the whole series of Madonnas by Raphael.



## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## "THE MANXMAN." \*

It is a pleasure to say, with no back-thought, no inkling of doubt, that Mr. Hall Caine has achieved greatness. "The Manxman" gives him place with the masters of English fiction. A first glance at it produces the impression that this book, and not the former one, is really "The Deemster." That very successful novel was actually the story of Dan Mylrea. This, for which capable judges predict a success wider far and more enduring, is the story of the Deemster; not the same Deemster, truly, but a modern judge of loftier and more various character. "The Manxman" is a present-day version of that ancient, strange

beyond us all make sport of them. Nothing is simpler or more conventional than the play they are cast for parts in. It is a threadbare theme of opera. Actually, there is nothing more in this masterpiece than the story of the devoted peasant who marries blindly the woman that loves another man. The other man is Philip, his friend and hers, and Philip loves Kitty as she loves him. Pete has been away to Africa, and made a fortune there. Philip, left in charge of Kitty, has lost his heart and soul to her, as she to him, and they are both in terror of Pete's return. He returns when they had thought him dead, and presently he marries Kitty. An æon of passion is crowded into the space of days between Pete's return and his marriage with the heartsick Kitty. She has



MR. HALL CAINE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

romance, the story of David Bathsheba and Uriah; and it is not a novel only, but is also a sermon on the text of the highest morality, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Here, as in the Scriptural legend, the tragedy has three victims—two men and a woman. Mr. Caine's David is Philip Christian, the man born to success, the man of ideals and ambitions, the man whose ideals are never far beyond his grasp, and whose ambitions fulfil themselves as easily as the leaves unfold in spring. The Uriah of the story is Philip's illegitimate cousin Pete, who looks up to, loves, and worships him—a creature almost impossible in the utterly good and unselfish greatness of his character. In the fiction of the world there is no one quite like Pete. Tolstoi, Flaubert, and Dickens had notions of him. Mr. Hall Caine has conceived and sent him forth complete. For the Bathsheba of the old romance take Kitty Creegan; soft, beautiful, and wayward, with heart enough to make a tragedy of life, and not quite head enough to rule the stars of destiny—her own, Pete's, or Philip's. Set down these three children of time in the heart of Mona, and let the forces that are

broken with and parted from Philip, but hopes that by some miracle he will save her from the faithful Pete. As fate will have it, however, it is Philip who stands best man to Pete at the wedding. It is from the day of the wedding that life begins to be too much for Kitty. A child is born to her, and she knows that Pete is not its father. Philip, still aching with love of her, is driven ahead from one success to another. He is chosen Deemster at the age of seven-and-twenty; he becomes the spokesman and advocate of the fishermen; he is in the way to be the great man of the island. Involuntarily, he is drawn again to Kitty. The reader understands the necessary and inevitable sequence of events from this point, though it is only here that the great pathos of the book begins. Uriah has got to be fooled, cheated, and broken, and the wife whom he idolises and the friend whom he loves must be the ones to break him. He comes home on a night to find the child sleeping, with no mother by the cot—Bathsheba has fled to David. The neighbours understand well enough that she has run away from home; Pete has a vague, dreadful notion of it, but will face the terror out and keep her name sweet. He gives it about that he has sent her to England for her health, keeps up a boisterous heart, writes letters from her to himself, reads them to everybody, and steals out of the

\* "The Manxman." By Hall Caine. London: Heinemann.

house at daybreak to scour the island for her. He shows to Philip, who has Kitty secretly in keeping, the ill-spelt letters he pretends that he has had from her. Then he comes slowly to read in the features of the child the features of Philip, the father. On the night of this revelation, Philip, as Deemster, is sitting within a stone's throw of Pete's cottage to try for attempted suicide Kate herself, who has left lover as well as husband, in a last paroxysm of remorse for wrecking the heart of the one and the heart and life's career of the other.

But the tragedy is not complete until one of the three has been finally and utterly sacrificed. David and Bathsheba may make their account with Heaven, but Uriah has first to be disposed of. Poor Pete yields himself sublimely. The wife has gone from him, and the child he gives up to its real father in a scene of which the pathos is scarcely equalled in fiction. Then it is that Philip has to reckon with his soul; and in the hour of his worldly triumph, called on to take the highest office in the little kingdom, he makes the reparation of a public confession, degrades himself before his people, and steps down from his judge's seat to take from her cell the woman whom he has ruined, and whose devotion has blasted his career. There the story ends, with infinite suggestions.

There was no special reason why Mr. Hall Caine should have chosen the Isle of Man for the scene of "The Manxman," except that the comparative remoteness of the inner life of that island and its traditions gave him an effective and very beautiful background for a story of extraordinary power. Nothing would have been lost, so far as the story itself is concerned, had the scene been laid in London, or in any English village. As a tale of English life it would have been as great and as moving; but it is better, fresher, and infinitely more picturesque as a tale of the Isle of Man; for Mr. Caine has taken the very heart out of the island, and given us such a picture of the complex, curious, and heroic traits of Manx life as makes the book a thing unique in the language, apart altogether from the fascination of its central theme. One or two of the characters, and very many of the scenes, are rich in a quality of comedy of which Mr. Caine was scarcely thought to have the secret, and which, perhaps, he would not have discovered to us had he been writing of any but his own people. The humour that is in the book is not exactly salient, and it is certainly not superficial, but it is deeply enjoyable. It is an inevitable humour, that rises out of intimate knowledge of life itself, and the contrasts of life that are shown to an observant and philosophic mind in a people self-contained and remote. Had he looked to England and not to the Isle of Man for the setting of his story, Mr. Caine would never have been able to draw for us the character of Cæsar Creggan, publican and local preacher, an intensely humorous fanatic, who will be a lifelong delight to every reader of one of the very finest novels of the century. T. H.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

*Macmillan* recovers a little this month from the somewhat dangerous dulness which has characterised it lately. The opening short story by Mr. G. W. Hartley is especially to be commended.

Mr. James Payn's reminiscences in the *Cornhill* are very readable, but contain very little that is new to the experienced readers of the author. A new reading in the Creed is worth repeating: "He dissented into Hell."

No novel of the day comes up to Mr. Le Queux's "Great War in England in 1897" for excitement. From the preface to the last paragraph he has kept up his prophetic heroics in magnificent style, and if his patriotism does not scatter our indifference to our insular defences, why, then, nothing will, and we shall deservedly perish, and leave not a wrack behind. "Although a Briton," he says, "I have lived long enough in France to know that the French, while hating the Germans, despise the English, and are looking forward to a day not far hence when their battleships will bombard our south-coast towns and their legions advance over the Surrey Hills to London." . . . "The French are laughing at us, the Russians presuming ['presuming' is good] to imitate us, and the day of reckoning is hourly advancing."

So much for the preface. In the contents we have hints mysterious and terrifying, in such chapter-headings as "A Death Draught," "The Massacre at Eastbourne," "The Doom of Hull," "Terror on the Tyne," "Gallant Deeds of Cyclists," "Babylon Burning." According to his prophecy, however, something will be yet left of us after '97—among other things, a good deal of British assurance, apparently, for we are to ask and to get Algiers, and an indemnity of £250,000,000 from France, as well as a vast area of land in Russia!

But, in spite of the cheerful indemnity, it is a really terrifying book. Mr. Le Queux has power to shake one's nerves as he foretells the fights and slaughters in peaceful suburbs, looting in Balham and Clapham, and shots bursting everywhere about Ludgate Hill. Tooting and Balham householders—they are especially threatened—can hardly fail to stay away from the seaside this summer, and enlist in their local volunteer corps instead. If, however, they must join their families, who should be gathering strength to resist coming privations, they will doubtless spend a good part of their leisure in practice at whatever shooting-galleries Margate or Hastings may provide.

Mr. Frank Lockwood's public spirit does not stop at representing his constituents. He amuses them, and other people's constituents as well.

He once delivered a lecture at York on "The Law and Lawyers of Dickens," and he re-delivered it to keep the constituents of his friend Lord Russell of Killowen, when he had any, in good temper. Now the Roxburgh Press has published it in a little book. It was hardly worth while, perhaps, but to read it is not a bad way of skimming over again some of the best bits of "Pickwick."

Every summer holiday-time brings fresh Nature books, and there is no more amiable class of literature. It isn't always very lively, their talk of birds and trees and flowers, but, bad or good, one never feels a grudge against the authors. They have been engaged in a healthful, soothing pursuit, like gardening; for one must suppose that their books were not all made by candlelight. Then they give one the idea that they were easy to write, for the noting of a passing cloud or a chirruping bird cannot have overtaxed anybody's brain, and amid so much over-clever, stimulating literature that is itself a virtue. It means we can fall asleep over them, not because we are bored, but simply because we are neither excited nor annoyed.

Some of the best Nature books come from America. Thoreau sowed the seed there, and it was a robust kind than that of our Jefferies' planting. Here is an American one, not of the best, but peaceful, amiable, and with not a little charm, "The Friendship of Nature," by Mabel Osgood Wright (Macmillan). It is a guide to a New England Nature Friendship, but it will serve to fall pleasantly asleep over in an Old as in a New England garden. And it is just of the size to slip into one's pocket at the start for a walk, and to get completely buried and forgotten.

It is a dainty feminine love of Nature it inculcates, and I can think of no better gift to leave behind with a country spinster lady of "nice tastes," who has gently entertained you on summer afternoons in her trim and sweet-smelling garden.

Why are biographies so often belated? We are to have, it seems, a Life and Correspondence of William Buckland, D.D., F.R.S., the father of Frank Buckland. Dr. Buckland was a personality in his day, but that day has long gone past, and the memoir can now be of little more than archaeological interest.

As the writer of some clever stories and of a libretto, Mr. Julian Sturgis is known to a good many. Now they can make his acquaintance as a song-writer. His "Book of Song" (Longmans) contains much more worthless verse than one would have thought likely ever to have been made by him. But about the worst there is a great deal of cheerfulness and honest sentiment. He is not at all a sickly or depressing poet, and once or twice he gives you cause for lifting up your heart. The most sustained and the most vivid verses in the book are called "Boy's Song of Hope," and they are so good that one turns back at their finish and begins them over again. Some lines from them are, therefore, worth quoting—

Sang the boy to the watchman—

Is morning near?  
Old man, thine eyes are dim; give place to me!  
I say the light is up for all to see.  
The golden day draws near,  
And clouds are drifting;  
The day, the day is here,  
And night is lifting.  
Break forth and sing,  
Hills that leap heavenward for the first sunbeams,  
Close pastures, hanging woods, and clear bright streams  
Where cows stand knee-deep, fields of fair-increase,  
Where men may toil in hope and rest in peace!  
Wealth is a little thing  
When clouds are drifting,  
When dawn is on the wing  
And night is lifting."

Pickings from Mr. Ruskin's unpublished writings continue to be made, some of them published with a lamentable want of discretion. The newest example of this indiscriminate devotion—"Letters Addressed to a College Friend during the Years 1840-1845" (G. Allen)—is certainly above the level of a recent compilation of Mr. Ruskin's utterances on music. But, on the whole, they are much too trifling to be published, save in fragments in a biography.

Regarding them biographically, and not as words of inspired wisdom, they have interest, more especially as proving how early were his tendencies to advice-giving developed, and how natural is his pedagogic habit. It is really an additional proof of his great personality that the tone adopted to his contemporaries, and young contemporaries, too, was not ridiculed and resented. His friends took him seriously, because he was serious in reality as well as in tone. And though the letters are not always charming, and never witty, they are remarkable evidences of the vigour of his attempts to honestly examine and test at what is in most a feather-headed age.

The few lively passages of description and criticism—here is a brief illustration of the former, "I got really rather fond of flowers at Chamounix, for there Nature uses them as I say, not to deck a bank, but to paint a mountain"—are barely enough to reconcile us to this persistent gathering up of Ruskin fragments, when of fine mature work he has given us no lack. Still, I own that the essay on "Was there Death before Adam Fell?" inserted in a letter to the friend, is a literary curiosity.—O. O.



THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



CRITIC: "Why, 'e ain't gotten Mrs. Marks's chimbley in!"



## IN ROME.

MR. ISAACS, of Whitechapel (*reading from guide-book*): " 'Here the Christians suffered martyrdom.' Holy Moses! I hope they won't take us for them sort."

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.





"Wot yer say she died of?"  
 "Eating a tuppenny ice on the top of 'ot pudden'."  
 "Lor! what a jolly death."







A WEIGHT-CARRIER.

LADY : " This is a very light lobster, Mr. Spratt."

FISHMONGER : " Well, Mum, see what a heavy lady you har ! "

## ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S OLDEST SERVANTS.

Monday next is the ninety-second birthday of dear old Sir Alfred Stephen, and his house will be besieged with callers. There is no one in Sydney more deservedly beloved and respected than Sir Alfred, and his friends always make this anniversary a gala day, filling his house with flowers, and delighted if he is able to receive their good wishes in person. Last year he sent out to all his intimates an exquisite little birthday souvenir, containing his photograph. This year he has felt the winter weather severely, and is unable to talk to more than a favoured few. Frail as a man of his great age must be, Sir Alfred retains to the full the personal charm which has always distinguished him. In figure he is very slight, and still wonderfully erect, his movements not at all those of an old man. The snow-whiteness of his whiskers and scanty hair, brushed forward, with curled ends, as he used to wear it when he was a young dandy—Sir Alfred, with his irreproachable neatness of attire, his beautifully-tied neckerchief, the old fashioned rings on his slender hand, and the flask of caude-Cologne, from which he is going to pour some fragrant drops on your handkerchief, will *always* be a dandy—somehow enhances the youthfulness of his clear, pale complexion and blue eyes, and one finds it exceedingly difficult to realise that this delicate-featured, clear-cut face has looked out on life for nearly a century. He has the most winning manner imaginable, bright, sympathetic, at times caressing, and infinitely courteous. His voice, still clear in its modulations, has the timbre of high-breeding; but as he pays you a compliment, or tells you one of his favourite stories, you will detect that he drops the “g” in such words as “coming” and “going.” A more gallant, fascinating old gentleman it would be impossible to imagine, so genial, cultured, interesting and interested. His pleasantries have the sparkle of a brilliant man enjoying a holiday, and as he runs on in that sweet old voice, holding in his hand a posy of heather sent by Lady Duff, you try in vain to realise the tremendous part this delicate-looking man has played in the moulding and administration of a great colony, and that he has been the most inflexibly severe of our criminal judges.

The pleasant drawing-room in which we are overlooks Hyde Park, with its statue of Captain Cook, and these leafy avenues and palm-studded lawns owe their tendance to Sir Alfred, who, as President of the Hyde Park Board, initiated most of the improvements.

There are some very interesting old pictures and china in this room, and the grand piano at which Sir Alfred's twin daughters—his devoted companions—play him the music he loves best, especially duets of Handel and Haydn. He adores music, and used to play the flute well himself. Downstairs, he likes to show you the fine collection of books, and in the dining-room is the very table at which he met his first wife. Sir Alfred has been married twice, and had nine children by each wife, so that he has plenty of young people about him now. I notice that in many instances the book he shows me in his library has, pasted at its back, reviews published and Press articles continuing or allied to its subject. Sir Alfred is very exact and methodical in all he does, has a marvellously retentive memory, and has only lately needed glasses to read with. He has, all his long life, been a strenuous and patient worker, keen, clear-brained, yet cautious, inexorably just, and a man of deliberate but admirably-sound judgment. Sir John Hay once said of him “he was astonished so simple, so loving, so kind a man as Sir Alfred Stephen could be so great a man.” In spite of his enjoyment of fun and his unassuming manner, Sir Alfred's social amenities have a well-defined background of dignity; but to enable the readers of *The Sketch* to appreciate the higher and more serious side of his nature I will give a brief outline of his career.

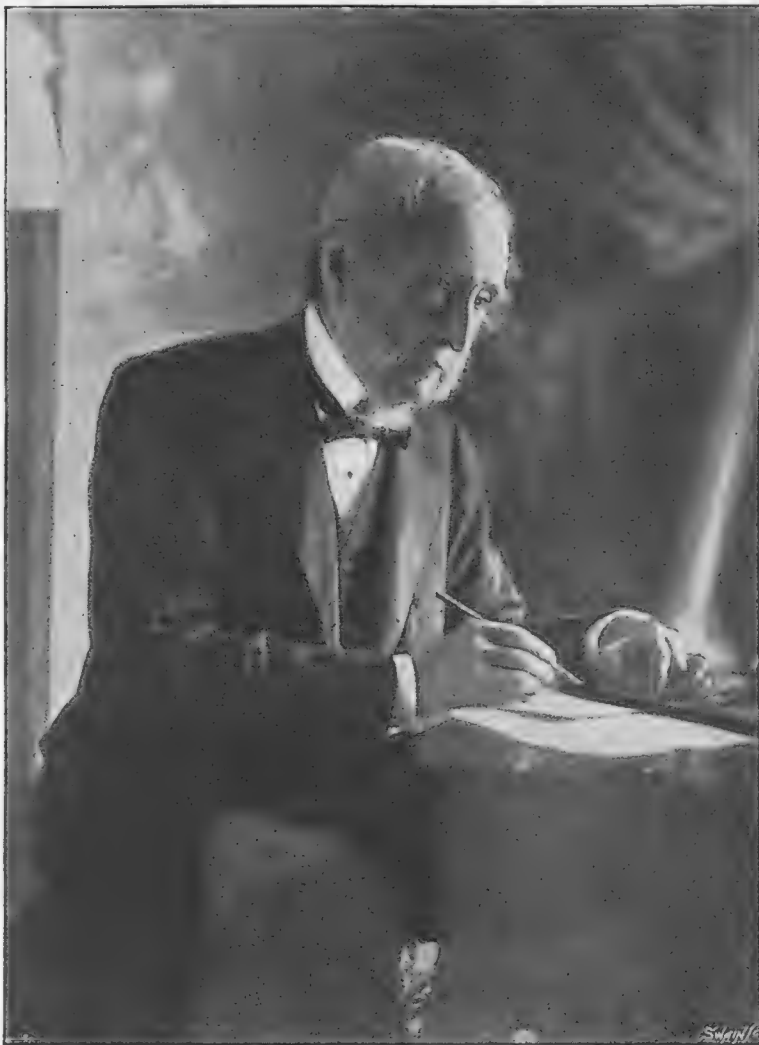
Born at St. Kitts, in the West Indies, on Aug. 20, 1802, he was bred to and practised the law in London, and at twenty-two years of age was appointed Solicitor-General of Tasmania. In eight years' time he was gazetted Attorney-General, and six years later was advanced by Governor Gipps to the second Puisne Judgeship in New South Wales. During these early years in Tasmania Sir Alfred Stephen had abundant opportunities of gratifying his ambition to be of service to

his adopted country. Foremost among the leaders of opinion and legal authorities, he took an active part in bringing to a successful issue the long-contested question of whether the two colonies New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land should or should not have trial by jury, and triumphantly carried the Jury Act, which was to abolish the merciless rigour of martial law. His legal acumen discovered a fatal error to land titles throughout the Colonies, and to meet the difficulties of this most complicated matter suggested the appointment of a Caveat Board, which was afterwards satisfactorily consolidated as the Land Board. Five years after his elevation to the Sydney Bench, Judge Stephen became Chief Justice, and two years later received the honour of knighthood for distinguished legal services in Tasmania and New South Wales. The early administration of the law here was characterised by excessive harshness, and so late as 1839 a man was hanged in Sydney for having stolen property in his possession, but by the time Sir Alfred assumed the Chief Justiceship a milder system had been introduced. That he was himself always so severe in his sentences, although a just and fair-minded judge, is, perhaps, owing to his having been trained under this early system. When

responsible Government began in 1856, Sir Alfred was appointed the first President of the Legislative Council, an appointment which he held about a year. He then resigned, only to be elected as a member of the Legislative Council, after he had in 1873 given up his post of Chief Justice. In 1862 he was created a Companion of the Order of the Bath; ten years later he held the *ad interim* office of Administrator of the Government. In 1874 he was created a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and George, and the following year received the permanent appointment of Lieutenant-Governor of New South Wales. For many years he filled the responsible post of a member of the Council of Education, and has been concerned in nearly all the public charity and social improvement measures. It is impossible in this very brief notice to enumerate even the chief of the judicial and legislative services he has rendered the colony. It is to him that we owe the Divorce Bill; his judgments are monuments of sound law, and Sir Edward Creasy said he always carried Sir Alfred's judgments to read on circuit, not only on account of their intrinsic worth, but because of their literary style. Just lately Sir Alfred suggested the self-denial week, the proceeds of which have relieved the financial difficulties of the Prince Alfred Hospital, an institution of which he is director. His recent appointment to the Privy Council has much gratified

Australians, this honour having been only once before conferred on a colonist—Mr. W. B. Dalley, to whom a memorial tablet was worthily placed in St. Paul's Cathedral, and unveiled by the Earl of Rosebery.

S. DARCHY.



SIR ALFRED STEPHEN.

Photo by Praeger, Sydney.

## MASKELYNE THE MAGICIAN.

If I were Mr. Magician Maskelyne, I should inscribe on the doorposts of the Egyptian Hall, not in the hieroglyphics of the Pharaohs, but in the simple language of our own tongue, the words, “Let no quack enter here.” Mr. Maskelyne has rendered many services in exposing the humbug of the false prophet. Only the other month he levelled a blow at the card-sharper in a little book which would save the young and giddy a world of trouble if they took it to heart. He has now fallen foul of the Theosophists in a new and original magical sketch, entitled “Modern Witchery.” His theory is that Theosophy is solely a political organisation for inciting the various religions and castes of India against British rule. I cannot say that the sketch is very dramatic. Its dialogue reminds me of one of those didactic catechisms which were the bane of my school-days; but it is always to the point, which is a good deal more than are some of the sketches one is accustomed to.

Countess Blarni, a large lady, played by a man, is the President of the Beervatsky Lodge of Theosophists. Like her name, her tongue is quite Irish, you know. Mrs. Martha Toogood is a woman with a mission, who leaves a henpecked husband for the charms of Theosophy. At the Countess Blarni's she is introduced to Professor Zooroster, who performs too wonderful mysteries that put Theosophic manifestations in the shade. What these mysteries are I beg leave of you to go and see for yourselves. Suffice it to say that they took my breath away. B.



# A CHAT WITH SOME OLD-WORLD POTTERS OF TO-DAY.

Many a year ago, I had to pass daily down Brownlow Street, where I used to stop and gaze into a shop on the side that now faces the First Avenue Hotel. Then it did not, for the hotel had not been built, and part of the site was occupied by the Duke's Theatre, which was burnt down during the run of "Babylon" in 1880.



W. F. MARTIN FINISHING A VASE ON THE WHEEL.

In the little shop were jars and pots, and, most important of all, grotesques in what I then took to be china, and they fascinated me. I stood outside, flattening my nose against the glass, wondering, like a servant-maid in front of a jeweller's shop, whether I had money enough to buy one of the lovely things.

One day, having accumulated capital by omitting butter from my lunch—lunch was coffee, roll, butter, and a dozen games of chess—I ventured inside, and, after a pleasant chat with Mr. Charles Martin, bought a cracked jar decorated with flowers; it was broken and cast away a few years ago by one of my maids-of-no-work. Since then I have bought many a piece,

and in my collection are some splendid examples of Martin ware.

The other day I called, and found Mr. Charles Martin eating a lunch that had grown cold while he was dilating on the subtle beauty of the ware to some Philistines who wanted "something prettier and gayer in colour." He has grizzled a little since the Duke's Theatre days, but not aged so much as I.

"Please," he said, "begin by telling the million readers of *The Sketch* that we do not imitate the Grès de Flandre, as some people pretend—or anything else," he added indignantly. "Why, there's a man been here to-day who says we copy from the German, and he showed me an imitation, made in Germany, of one of our grotesques—a vile thing in earthenware."

There was a sting in the word "earthenware," for the Martins work in "stoneware," and naturally, like all true artists, believe that the medium which they love is nobler than any other. For the information of some of our million readers, I should say that pottery may be roughly divided into three kinds: earthenware, either plain, like a common flower-pot, or glazed and painted or otherwise decorated, as in delft, or faience, or majolica—it is fired at a low heat and remains comparatively soft, and in decorated work the body is almost always hidden; porcelain, or "china," which is semi-fused, is really a kind of glass, and, when not very thick, translucent, and has a glaze coating to it; stoneware, which is fired at great heat and is hard and heavy, and has not added "glaze"—of this Doulton ware and Martin ware are examples.

It may seem strange to say that the smooth and sometimes highly glistening and lustrous surface of stoneware is not due to "glaze"—in point of fact, it is caused by simply throwing common salt into the kiln

at its maximum heat. The salt is volatilised, the sodium leaves the chlorine—every schoolboy knows that common salt is chloride of sodium—and combines with the silica in the body of the ware, and thus produces a soda glass which acts as a transparent coating.

"So you don't really imitate the Grès de Flandre?"

"Not a bit; there is no resemblance between our ware and the old 'Grès,' is there?" As a matter of fact, there are but two points in common between Martin ware and the mis-called Grès de Flandre. They

are both stoneware, and neither of them has been made in Flanders. In style of decoration, the work of Brownlow Street differs as much from that of Roeren or Frechen as Dresden china from Sèvres.

"How, then, did you come to start the manufacture?"

"Well, it hardly seems worth while to go through the whole history. Suppose I start by telling you that twenty years ago—or, rather, more—my eldest brother, Robert, a successful Academy student as sculptor, having made up his mind to be a potter, was getting shapes made for him, and afterwards fired; he was then a little less than thirty. Then Walter, my third brother, got a small wheel to work with and made the shapes. You know what a potter's wheel is—a wheel with means for causing it to revolve horizontally, on which you work the clay. After this they resolved to try the firing, and began by baking in the scullery of my mother's house at Fulham: they converted the fireplace into a small, rude kiln. I have pieces even now that were baked in it. Afterwards we got the use of an old glass crucible kiln, not far from home. Some years later, we moved to the kiln at Southall, and were able also to take these show-rooms in Brownlow Street. My second brother, Charles, also works with them. Yes, it's been an up-hill fight."

"May I ask the delicate question—does it pay?"

"We live by it, but not in luxury. It would pay if we became manufacturers instead of artists. If, when one of my brothers made a jar, we had assistants to copy it, we might grow wealthy. As it is,



E. B. MARTIN, IN POTTERY.—R. W. MARTIN.

he spends his time and thought on designing, moulding, decorating a pot, and when it's put into the kiln, it's three to one against its coming out perfect. Thirty per cent. are utterly ruined, another thirty are damaged. Look at that lot there"—and he pointed to a large number of pieces, some of them splendid in design, but cracked and even broken. "How many days' work are there thrown away! The pug-holes weren't properly closed, the air rushed in, cooled the pieces suddenly on one side, and they contracted unequally, and came to grief."

"Of course, you couldn't have journeymen to copy—that would be gross commerce—though the average Englishman does not distinguish between the loving touch of the creator and the mechanical handling of the copyist; but might not your brothers themselves make replicas, and save—"

"Do you think that an artist with the thirst for expression of the ideas that flow in his mind can spend his time copying even his own work! Besides, even then it would be using the creator's time and effecting no real economy. No; they must take their chance in the flames. On account of the salt, we can't attempt to protect them in the furnace, which plays strange tricks at times, such tricks that we constantly get beautiful effects that we never can repeat."

While he was speaking some people came in and began to look at the ware, so, rather than spoil business, I left. Let me end with a word or two about these true art products. They consist of jugs, jars, pots, candlesticks, wonderful grotesques, salt-cellar, lamp-containers, and similar objects. Each piece is unique. The colour scheme is limited in range, but infinite in subtle tones. The decoration shows large variety; fish, flowers, birds, purely conventional designs and arabesques, and even the human figure may be found sometimes in relief, generally worked in with the knife. The texture varies remarkably; the colours show splendid blues, greens, and browns of almost every possible tone. As for the beauty of the ware, I can only say that I have lived with many pieces for years with increasing pleasure in them. The prices? High and low; from a very few shillings to pounds, but never in anything like a just proportion to the artistic quality and absolute beauty of the Martin ware.

## AT SEA WITH MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM.

"I suppose you're a good sailor, Mr. Wyndham?" I said, after shaking hands.

"Certainly; the best in the world—when the sea is quite smooth, and then I love the ocean—that's why——"

Unfortunately, I am not a good sailor under any circumstances, so I felt ill at ease in the little sitting-room that looks out upon Piccadilly Circus. I really seemed to be in a ship's cabin. Portholes with blue glass to back of me, low, panelled ceiling above me, panelled walls around, swinging lamps at the side arranged to maintain equilibrium by opposition to the ship's motion, bunks at the side, and a hundred other painfully realistic details.

"Will you take a cigarette?"

I hesitated; it seemed a sort of defiance to Neptune; then said stoutly, "Thanks; I think I'll risk it."

He said his box was empty—I didn't see—and went outside for another. The moment after his return came a splash against the portholes, and I shuddered. "Oh, it's only my sea-spray ozoniser worked from outside. You needn't be afraid."

"It was curious," I observed, "that your vigorous observations about the anonymity of dramatic critics should have been followed so promptly by the *Idler* article, in which eleven of us present our photographs, and try to look intellectual."

"Yes; but it does not meet the case. I don't look at the question from a merely personal point of view. Of course, I can always find out who wrote a particular notice. It is from the point of view of the public, and for the benefit of the papers—yes, and of you gentlemen, too—that I speak. Why, you or such of you as have real ability"—of course, I bowed at the compliment he had forgotten to make, and compelled him to bow as if he had meant it—"would go up a hundred per cent. in weight, and, I may say, in rate of remuneration; if you signed your articles."

"I'm afraid the argument won't appeal to the editors."

"You see, the public, not knowing whether an article was written by an accredited critic or by his understudy, does not know how much weight to give to it. Moreover, some time ago, in a favourable notice on me, a critic drew comparisons between my work and that of Charles Mathews. Now, I found out who was the writer and learnt his age. If he had seen Mathews at all, it must have been in his decrepitude. Would he have ventured to make such a comparison if his identity had been disclosed by a signature?"

"Moreover," I chimed in, "the critics suffer by the public being at sea—no, thanks, I will not take brandy-and-soda: I have imagination enough to feel queer already without any brandy. I have been nearly kicked, and nearly kissed, too, on account of articles that I did not write."

However, I may conclude this chapter by saying that Mr. Wyndham used a number of strong arguments that I heartily endorse as to the undesirability of our anonymity.

"Chickens and champagne? No," said he, "that's all nonsense; I don't believe that any critic is to be bought who is worth buying. *A propos*, do you know that one New York theatre had the smart idea of having a room for critics to write their notices in—a room nicely fitted up with pens, ink, paper, messenger boys, and champagne? That was some time ago. You know that I have acted a good deal in the States—in fact, made my *début* there in '61; served in the war, too, as surgeon. I remember one place out West where I wrote notices for the paper on the performances of my company."

"Good notices? I once criticised some songs of mine—I sha'n't do it again: they were the worst notices on the music that I got."

"I remember one American tragedian who, when coming over to act,

wrote to the editor of a Glasgow paper, enclosing five pounds, which he borrowed from me, and expressing a hope that he would be well treated. Strange, too, that fellow, seven years after, called here and returned me the five pounds."

"No, thank you, Mr. Wyndham, not another cigarette."

"Do I like Ibsen? He is wonderful at characterisation. 'The Master-Builder' fascinated me, but— Yes, you're right, if 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' had been produced sooner 'The Fringe of Society' would have been a different play. How the critics condemned it! The Sunday and Monday papers made me feel hopeless, yet it was a great success. Mr. Pinero's play has opened a door that it will be hard to close. I feared that 'The Fringe' would not pass—that was why we kept back all reference to 'Le Demi-Monde,' which had been forbidden, and made some changes that now seem needless. Yet, I never should have made her the ex-mistress of Sir Charles Hartley—it renders his conduct too difficult to appreciate."

"I'm not exactly afraid of the dog"—it was curiously studying my calves—"but I'm trying to remember if anything unkind was said about it in the notice I did not write on 'The Headless Man.' It really plays its part very well. Will you kindly assure it that if aggrieved its proper course is to consult a solicitor, not to bite me? Let it go for the man in the white hat."

"Do you know the upshot of my row on the original first night with the man in the white hat? Well, this time on the first night of the revival we found under a seat a white hat such as he wore, left, I believe, as a token of reconciliation. Touching, wasn't it? No, I'm not sure that the opening of the door by poor Paula is altogether a good thing; dramatists will want to go one better, and then men will hesitate to bring their daughters to the theatre."

"And where is the harm? Why can't we classify the theatres? Girls are getting fastidious about marriage, and if there were theatres not proper for the young person she might be induced to take a husband in order to go to them, as girls marry in Paris so as to visit the Palais Royal. Seriously, there are as many kinds of theatrical entertainments as there are forms of faith in the Established Church. Why not classify?"

"It wouldn't work; the family is the main support of the English theatres, and the theatres that drove away the daughter would languish. Besides, it is desirable to change one's form of entertainment at times. In the autumn I like to put on comic opera. I find, in fact, that our customary fare won't draw all the year round."

"That is to say, during the months when Mr. Charles Wyndham does not give life to it."

"Thank you. I—did I like

Russia? It was immense. We had such a reception as I never saw before. Seventeen calls at the end of one night! We got tired of coming forward before the audience of calling us. At first, in the Russian playhouse 'David Garrick' fell flat, for few of the house followed. Suddenly there was a change; the audience recognised the situation, for the Russian version is a stock piece; then the play went like an ice-ship in a gale. Yes, it was immense, and such a country!—everything different to anything anywhere else. How do I know German so well? I was at school in Heidelberg. Born in Liverpool. You were, too? Well, that's a redeeming point—to me—in a critic."

On the strength of our common birthplace he again proposed that brandy-and-soda. For some time past the roar of the traffic, the swing of the lamps, the splash against the portholes, the rock of the swinging chair I was sitting on had been helping the cabin to tell on my vigorous imagination and delicately-finished interior.

"Mr. Wyndham," I said timidly, "have you a——"

"Mr. *Sketch*," he answered, "I advise you to try the fresh air."

I did.

E. F.-S.



Photo by London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street.

MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM IN "WILD OATS."



## A DAINTY DAIRY.

When Mr. Phenyl was puzzling his brains in his chambers in the Temple, one morning, as to how he could get the laundress's daughter out of the reach of young Hale, he proposed to Sweet Lavender that she should go to the country and see the cows, for, quoth he, "We are all apt to underrate the importance of milk from the cow." Nobody, you may remember, underrated that benefit more than himself. The prospect did not find favour in the eyes of the maid. But if Mr. Pinero's heroine had been more prosaic than his young ladies usually have been she might have reminded Mr. Phenyl that to enjoy the privilege of "milk from the cow" she had to travel no farther than Finchley, where, four miles from Regent's Park, the Express Dairy Company, with whose town establishments she must have been perfectly familiar, has created a farm *rus in urbe*. Probably a good many Londoners are in the same state of ignorance as Miss Lavender, though the creamery *fête* recently organised by the directors in connection with the Public Health Congress should do much to remove that. Dairy-*ing* has become a science, and College Farm, Finchley, is an up-to-date dairy of the most advanced type. It is, perhaps, less romantic than the dairies which Mr. Thomas Hardy peoples with his Tesses and his Margery Tuckers, but for a work-a-day world it is distinctly more satisfactory. The buildings have been erected on hygienic principles, and that, coupled with the cost and care expended by the company on the selection and keep of the stock, makes the horses and cattle within its gates excellent specimens of their respective breeds. Heading the list of the fathers of the family, comes the famous three-year-old shorthorn bull Fairy King, weighing one ton, and bred by the Queen at Windsor. His sire, New Year's Gift, also bred in the royal farm, had an extraordinary career. The fine Guernseys include some noted prize-winners, two having figured prominently at the Cambridge Show this year. One aged Jersey, an Ayrshire, and a Kerry bull complete the stud in this direction. Kerry cows, which are the national dairy breed of Ireland, are represented by some beautiful animals, one of them being one of the smallest cows living, though, as the mother of two calves, she justifies her name, "All There." Scotland is represented by some lovely Ayrshires, which bear such names as Duchess of Fife, Mary of Argyle,



GUERNSEY CALVES.

Queen of Scots, and Lorna Doone, though one is at a loss to connect Mr. Blackmore's heroine with the land of cakes. The largest section of cows are the beautiful Guernseys, the majority of them being famous prize-winners. On the farm is also found a stud of pedigree Shire horses, a fine set of brood mares and foals, and some smart hackney colts. The recent *fête* will long be remembered by the 7000 visitors who accepted the invitation to see the farm. The most picturesque sight, perhaps, was a cotillon danced by thirty-five little girls, pupils of Madame Katti Lanner, followed by a maypole dance and a harvest home procession, in which figured the Queen of the Harvest and her maidens on a floral car. In the midst of such a sight, you might have imagined yourself in some quiet country spot of the last century, far away from the dust and din of London town.



HIS MAJESTY "FAIRY KING."

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. HAWES, HAMPSTEAD.

## PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

Theoretically, the members of the House of Commons must not absent themselves from their Parliamentary work without leave of absence, and formal leave is still taken occasionally; but, practically, the system of pairing provides for the members who wish to be off for a holiday. Just now there are so many pairs that the House is really deserted. Upwards of two hundred pairs took effect from the end of last week. The prorogation is expected in the course of next week, but a quorum has to be kept for Supply. And it is high time this Parliament had a holiday, and a good one, for it has been sitting since February, 1893, and both members and officials are thoroughly worn out.

## THE EVICTED TENANTS.

I need not describe here the "blood and thunder" in the House of Commons, and the business-like debate in the House of Lords on the subject of the Evicted Tenants Bill, from which Mr. Morley was compelled to take away the "Evicted." The interest of the Bill now is in the future. The official blood-curdlers among the Irish party, like Mr. Willie Redmond and Mr. W. O'Brien, have prophesied bad work in Ireland during the winter, and a revival of boycotting and terrorism. As a threat, I don't think this sort of thing will go down with Englishmen: as a fact, it is not likely to come off. Mr. O'Brien's hysterical denunciations and self-laudations are now estimated by everybody at their practical worth. It was a mistake to let him speak in the House, where he is only laughed at: and outside he has no influence. As for Mr. W. Redmond, he is a violent man, no doubt, but so he has always been. If he goes down to Clare to make mischief in October, it will be no more than he has done in July, and in July he was promptly gagged and marched off the scene by Mr. Morley's myrmidons of the law. If Mr. Willie Redmond is fool enough to put his head into the lion's mouth, he must take the consequences. I don't want to see him in prison, but it is his business to see that he keeps out. There is no likelihood of more than the usual sporadic crime in Ireland. Hitherto, the violent periods have always coincided with hard times, when there has been a bad harvest. This year the Irish tenant-farmers have a splendid harvest behind them. The savings-bank deposits have increased, and there is every sign of developing material prosperity in the country. It is not likely that the landlords will be rough with their tenants and provoke recriminations. It is their interest to be conciliatory, and after all the Land Acts that have been passed they have little opportunity for getting more from their tenants than has been judicially sanctioned. Moreover, the Radicals will pray their hearts out, and do their level best to prevent such outrages as would destroy all vestige of a tendency towards Home Rule in England and Scotland; for, if Ireland should actually revert to anarchy now, the last chance of Home Rule will have gone.

## THE RATES OF LONDON.

Meanwhile, the Equalisation of Rates Bill, which is no more equalisation than the tenants meant to be dealt with by Mr. Morley's Bill were "evicted," has been scuffled through the House with a few trumpery alterations. I am very much mistaken if one out of every thousand Londoners knows in the least what this Bill does or is meant to do. That it should be passed in this way, without any preliminary Commission of Inquiry, without any popular outcry, and at the fag end of an exhausting session, which all the M.P.'s would do anything rather than protract, surely nothing could be more typical of the way in which London questions are treated in Parliament? That this Bill will work at all equitably or usefully, I do not believe. The sole fact about the Bill which is certain is that in future the "rich" parishes will have to pay a large share of the rates of the "poor," and if the poor are likely to give the rich any thanks for their compulsory generosity, I am doing them an injustice, which I hope will be proved against me at some future time.

## THE EIGHT-HOURS BILL.

As for the Eight-Hours Bill, it has not come on in time for me to chronicle the debate; but there, too, what a farce it is that such an important matter should be left over for discussion when all interest in Parliament for the session has disappeared! The fact is that the Eight-Hours question has by this time become a regular bore. If the miners want eight-hour days, they can get them, as Northumberland and Durham have done, by voluntary arrangement between masters and men. Mr. Mather's experiment at his ironworks has shown that the eight-hour day can be worked on business principles, and a good example of this sort is far better than an unpopular Bill, coercing both men and masters. Mr. Mather is an opponent of a compulsory Bill, and I, for my part, look upon his action as a far better argument against the Bill than any resolutions of Trade Union Congresses. What the miners all want is better wages, and not shorter hours. The importance, however, of the present Bill is that it frankly divides the miners into two Parliamentary camps. One side, the Federation men, want coercion; the other, led by Northumberland and Durham, want local option; and, sooner or later, local option it must be. The House of Commons may decide against local option, but, if so, the House of Lords will put it in. Is it not extraordinary nowadays on how many occasions the House of Lords has to act as the champion, not of hereditary privilege, but of the working classes, or a large section of them? Try as they will, the Radicals are only increasing the popularity of the Upper House at the very time when they are trying to destroy it.

## PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

There has been a great deal of renewed talk as to the relations between Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt, started by the Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech at the Hôtel Métropole, in which he spoke of himself as the Commander-in-Chief of the forces which had proved victorious in the battle for the Budget, and, while praising Mr. Gladstone, abstained from all reference to the Prime Minister. Certainly, this was not in good taste, especially in view of the fact that Lord Rosebery has been careful, on more than one public occasion, to refer in terms of marked praise to his lieutenant in the Commons. Moreover, the personal difficulties of the situation are to some extent aggravated by the fact that Sir William Harcourt is, almost by the nature of the case, the protagonist of the Government. He leads the Commons, he conducts the great Bills, he supplies the Parliamentary tactics, and he has been especially fortunate in his piloting of the great measure of the year, which has undoubtedly done more than anything else to establish the credit of the Government and give it a very good chance of coming back after the General Election. In comparison with Sir William, therefore, Lord Rosebery is, necessarily, in the shade. He can only make clever diplomatic little speeches in reply to Lord Salisbury, write a few letters, and conduct the ecclesiastical and some of the lay patronage of the Government. It must, in addition, be confessed that he has not developed the strength of character and the supreme talent for Government which was expected from him, and for which his great predecessor was conspicuous. He has taken his position rather as a diplomatist than a statesman, and he has shown himself rather out of touch with current politics. Of course, he may—and I hope will—recover tone and self-confidence. If he does not, his party will be in a poor case. With all his talent, Sir William Harcourt is in no way fitted to be a leader, and the overwhelming obstacles to his success which presented themselves to the minds of his colleagues last winter are just as formidable to-day. Clever, accomplished, shrewd, and sagacious, as in some respects he is, he does not inspire confidence, and it would be far better that, even if Lord Rosebery turn out a second-rate statesman, he should continue in his present position than that Sir William should step over his head into the coveted place.

## OLD PASSIONS AGAIN.

Meanwhile we are face to face with the eternal Irish Question in one of its bitterest phases. It was curious to see the House of Commons, after a fairly long interval of quiescence, flame out again into the old intolerance of Irish opinion on the one hand and the old hatred of England on the other. As usual, it was Mr. Chamberlain who stoked up the fire and poured oil into it from the capacious reservoir of his not over pleasant nature. Somehow, all the negotiations for peace over the Evicted Tenants or, as it is now called, the Tenants Restoration Bill have gone wrong. Mr. Courtney's noble protest and later private efforts to bring about an understanding have broken down, and for the moment the merest spirit of mischief is in the ascendant. It is this spirit of which Mr. Chamberlain is the gleeful interpreter. He certainly does his business very well. When he spoke on the third reading of the Evicted Tenants Bill, he had before him two not especially discreet speeches of Mr. William O'Brien and Mr. E. J. C. Morton, the Member for Devonport. Mr. Morton is an effective platform speaker, who has on one or two occasions said some extremely unpleasant things about Mr. Chamberlain. There is nothing Mr. Chamberlain loves like a victim, especially a victim against whom he has a grudge. So he singled out Mr. Morton and administered a most exemplary dressing. There was not much in his argument that would bear the light when the speech was read in the columns of the *Times* next day, but as a piece of rhetoric it was formidable enough. Mr. Chamberlain has the perfect art of speech; he can make every word tell, every syllable convey its meaning, while his face is a perfect mirror of the thoughts and passions that agitate him within. When he had done with Mr. Morton he turned to Mr. O'Brien, and in a savage passage recalled the worst features of the old Irish terror in the Land League days. So provocative was his language and gestures that it looked as if there might almost be a physical encounter between him and the enraged Irishman on the other side. It was hate for hate, and it might almost have been blow for blow. The Bill now goes to its appointed doom in the House of Lords, which very weakly, from the point of view of tactics, has decided to throw it out on second reading, rather than change it from a compulsory to a voluntary measure. The latter course would have put the Government in some difficulty.

## TWO FAMILIAR FIGURES.

Two familiar figures disappear from Parliament in Lord Denman and Mr. Peter Esslemont. Every frequenter of the Upper House recalls the tall, bent man in the puce skull-cap, creeping, or, rather, shuffling, along at a tortoise pace from lobby to red benches and back again. Lord Denman was a pure eccentric, a great faddist, and, it must be confessed, something of a bore. Of a different stamp was Mr. Peter Esslemont, who always seemed, to my mind, the perfect flower and type of an Aberdeenshire man. Heavy-faced, a very slow speaker, with a broad accent and a not especially tuneful voice, Mr. Esslemont looked the last man in the world either to make or appreciate a joke. However, he was not without a certain deep well of humour, which very seldom rose to the top. He was a shrewd, sensible man, and was rather liked both in the House of Commons and in the National Liberal Club, of which he was for some years a well-known frequenter.

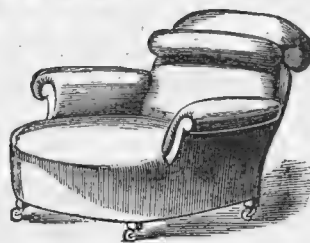


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## AGAIN AT WORK AT HIS BENCH.

LET'S have a short talk with short words. As for myself, I always did like people to talk so I could understand them the first time, and not have to overhaul their words afterwards to find out what they want to say.

Did you ever see people that made you think of a rabbit in the grass, always looking out for things to get scared at and to run away from? Of course. Now what is natural in a rabbit may not be so in a man. The rabbit can't fight, and so he has to run. But a human being ought not to get flustered so easily. We are made to stand our ground better. Yet grown men sometimes seem to be as fidgety and full of alarms as defenceless little animals.

Here is one who says, "If anyone knocked at the door, it set my heart all in a flutter." We won't say that this man wanted common courage, for that isn't true. He was naturally as plucky as you are, but something had gone wrong with him. Poke a straw against the back of a man's hand, and he takes no notice; poke it in his eye, and he does.

Now every sound that comes to the ear strikes against a set of nerves—little white cords—inside of it, and the nerves carry the news to the brain, close by. When these nerves are in good form, we don't mind one sound in ten thousand. But

when they are sore, weak, and tender, a penny dropped on the floor makes a racket like the firing of a pistol. The person with the sore nerves jumps, and his heart struggles as a canary bird does when you hit its cage a whack with a stick—a mean thing to do. So you see a man may have courage enough to be a general in the army, and still be upset by a sudden knock on his door. It is not the *man*, it is his nervous system that flutters. "No difference," you say? Yes, there is—a lot of difference.

There. Now we will have the whole story in Mr. Shaw's own words, which are short and plain as the words in the books our little ones read at school. He goes on to say, "I am a boot and shoe maker, and have lived in the district fifty years. I was always sound and all right up to October 1888. Then I fell ill without knowing what ailed me. My mouth tasted badly, my appetite failed, and after eating I had pain in the chest and sides. I often felt faint and dizzy, as if I should fall, and had a deal of palpitation of the heart. I got so nervous that if anyone knocked at the door it set my heart all in a flutter. Later on I was seized with pains in the back and kidneys, that were like being stabbed with a knife. The secretion from my kidneys was thick and white, and passed only with straining and difficulty. The pain in my bladder made me suffer like a martyr at the stake; I was in agony with it day and night. My friends

told me I had Bright's disease, and could not get well. I got so weak I could hardly walk, and often I could only work at my trade five minutes or so at a time.

"I took all kinds of medicine, but got no relief. In this way I lived along for three years, when a gentleman living at Gainsboro' told me of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I bought a bottle at Broomhead's drug store, West Stockwith, and when I had used it up I had no more pain, and the flow from my kidneys was of a natural colour. When I had finished a second bottle I felt like a new man. By an occasional dose since then I keep in good health. My friends say my recovery is a miracle. After what I have gone through I am surprised to find myself alive and well. Several people who had the same complaint, and had the best medical treatment, are now in their graves. I am confident Seigel's Syrup would have cured them. (Signed) William Shaw, East Stockwith, near Gainsboro', January 3, 1893."

We end this plain and impressive case in a few more short words. Mr. Shaw's complaint was indigestion and dyspepsia, which both starved and poisoned his nerves, and would, no doubt, soon have wholly stopped the beating of that troubled heart of his. Thank Mercy he got the remedy before it was too late! Minds and bodies, bodies and minds! Yet where is our courage, power, and skill when these poor bodies are torn by disease? To help us at such times is the mission of good Mother Seigel.

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## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## CRICKET.

The visit of Lancashire to the Oval to-morrow recalls many fiercely contested matches between the northerners and the home county. The championship struggle is in such a critical stage that a victory or defeat of Surrey means everything. Although Lancashire are practically out of the championship running, they are precisely one of those teams which upset the chances of the favourites when honours seem almost within their grasp. It is rather astonishing, however, that Lancashire who, up to this season, have almost invariably defeated Yorkshire, have met with two defeats at the hands of their old rivals, the champions. The last occasion was during Peel's benefit at Bradford, when Yorkshire won a fine game by 118 runs.

Speaking of Peel reminds me that this famous Yorkshire professional will receive something like £2000 towards his benefit as the result of the return match between Lancashire and Yorkshire. It need hardly be said that this is the largest sum ever realised in a benefit match. I believe that the late Dick Pilling, of Lancashire, netted about £1500, while last year M. Read, of Surrey, was fortunate enough to get a gate valued at something like £1250. Contrast this with the miserable benefit of Wood, the Surrey wicket-keeper, in the North v. South match the other day. Owing to the exceptionally heavy expenses of this fixture, it is estimated that Wood will not receive more than £250. Surrey are a very wealthy club, with I forget how many thousands invested in Consols. Their income is always much larger than their expenditure, and it will hardly be to their credit if they allow Wood to go with such a miserably inadequate sum as his benefit realised.

It is rather strange that Mr. Stoddart should have closed with so many cricketers of moderate ability, and have refrained from asking the services of several of the best batsmen in England for his England eleven who visit Australia next month. Of course, it is almost inevitable that Mr. Stoddart should ask the best batsman in England to accompany him. Need I say that this is Brockwell, of Surrey, who has scored no fewer than five separate hundreds in first-class cricket this season, and has an average far above that of any other cricketer? In the North v. South match Brockwell played an absolutely faultless innings of 128, and in a subsequent match in which he played scored 106 (not out) on a damp, dead wicket against Notts. So far, Brockwell's ability as champion batsman of the year is unchallenged. He is, besides, a very fair change bowler and one of the most brilliant fields in England.

It would truly appear as if the glories of Notts cricket had departed. At the time-honoured Bank Holiday match at the Oval, Notts made no show at all against the ex-champions, and were easily defeated, with an innings to spare. The only men who showed anything like form with the bat were Messrs. J. A. Dixon and C. W. Wright. The professionals, one and all, were utter and abject failures. Almost worse than the falling-off of the Notts batting is the deterioration in bowling. Time was, not very long ago, when Attewell was indispensable in the best of our representative matches, and was at all times a most reliable wicket-getter. At present he is only to be numbered among the second-raters. He still keeps a fair length, but there appears to be no devil in his work. It was in the Notts v. Surrey match that Smith, the young Surrey professional, brought off one of the most sensational bowling feats of the year. Lockwood and Richardson had been trying their best without any marked success, when the former sprained his leg and had to retire. This was Smith's opportunity. In a little over half an hour he finished off the Notts innings by capturing six wickets for 12 runs. It appears to me that Smith's services are a good deal underrated by his captain. He has a much better average than Lockwood, and yet he is never called upon to bowl until Lockwood has done his best or worst. Even supposing they were equal in ability, it surely stands to reason that a fast bowler like Richardson should oppose a slow man at the other end. There is nothing so puzzling to batsmen as to have to play a man bowling at lightning speed one minute and turn to a slow, tricky bowler the next. Perhaps Mr. Key will discover Smith's true value before the end of the season.

The county of Kent have had a strangely varied experience this season. Many of the strongest counties Kent can hold their own with, or even beat; but when it comes to the weaker combinations, such as Somerset and Sussex, they find themselves on the losing side. Cricket is, of course, a gloriously uncertain game; but one does not look for inconsistency all the way through. To-morrow Kent will have an opportunity of distinguishing themselves or otherwise, when they meet Gloucester in the middle of the Cheltenham week. Gloucester are, indeed, in a parlous condition, and if there were any special degree of merit necessary to find a place among the champion counties I am afraid the county of the

Graces would have to stand down. One can hardly see how it is possible that Kent should lose to a county like Gloucester. Among the Kent cricketers is the Rev. W. Rashleigh, one of the finest players that ever handled a bat. Only the other day, against Warwickshire, he knocked up 106 runs on a wicket which did not altogether favour the batsmen. Unfortunately, Mr. Rashleigh does not play regularly, else he would assuredly take rank among the very best amateurs England ever produced. While at Oxford University, he proved himself a great batsman, and in the Inter-Varsity match of 1886 assisted Mr. K. J. Key to put on 243 runs for the first wicket.

Yorkshire have nothing more serious to tackle to-morrow than Leicestershire, but, considering that the latter county recently beat Surrey, the champions may have enough to do to win. Yorkshiremen are notorious for their failure against the weaker counties. Some people say they don't try, but this is all nonsense. It is true they do not always play their strongest team against other than champion counties, but that is, of course, their own look out. I am afraid that Mr. F. S. Jackson will hardly reach the goal of his ambition this season. He has won almost every honour in the cricket-field except that of heading the batting averages. Up till now, he has batted in fair form, but there is hardly any probability of him being able to overtake Brockwell and others. It will be a very nice question at the end of the season to decide who is the best all-round cricketer. Mr. Jackson has achieved considerable distinction this season in the bowling department, while he is also an exceptionally good fieldsmen. Brockwell, who has a very high claim to the all-round championship, has devoted almost all his energies to batting, and, although he does not profess to be a great bowler, we know that last season, when he was called upon frequently, he found himself at the top of the Surrey bowling averages. Perhaps the all-round cricket championship will lie between Messrs. Jackson and Brockwell.

Mr. A. E. Stoddart has rather disappointed his admirers this season. Probably it is that the slow wickets we have had do not suit his style of batting. Last season, when he shared with Gunn the premier batting



THE YACHTING CUP PRESENTED BY THE "YACHTSMAN."

honours, was the driest year we had for over a century. This season sloppy wickets have been the rule rather than the exception, and it takes a different type of batsman to score as easily on the one wicket as on the other. The only man who was seen to perfection on a damp wicket was Arthur Shrewsbury, and he, alas! has not seen his way to favour us with his very correct, if rather slow and tedious, style of batting. An interesting match will be seen at Nottingham to-morrow, when Notts and Middlesex meet. The metropolitans hold a very good position in the county championship, and another victory over Notts this week end would place them almost beyond dispute third in the list.

Just a word to congratulate C. B. Fry, who scored his first century in county cricket for Sussex against Gloucester the other day. Mr. Fry has scored so many triumphs in all departments of athletics that one evinces little surprise at the continuation of his remarkable feats. His innings against Gloucester was not altogether a perfect one, but then very few innings extending over four hours are anything like perfect. It was suggested recently in the *Saturday Review* that Fry should have a statue erected to him at Oxford—just as if his exploits on the cricket, football, and athletic fields are not much more enduring than a carving of marble or masonry, however fine. Even this brief record in *The Sketch* will probably outlast any piece of bronze or stone made in his image.

The members of the South African team of cricketers now on a visit to this country are to be presented with two massive silver cups, the order for which was entrusted to Mr. J. W. Benson, of Ludgate Hill. One is presented by the editor of *South Africa*, for the member with the highest batting average at the end of the tour, and the other by Mr. W. P. Taylor, for the best bowling average, and both bear appropriate inscriptions.

#### GOLF.

The Singles Tournament of the St. George's Cross and Cup was held at Sandwich last Wednesday, and resulted in the victory of F. H. A. Booth, who beat H. Mitchell in the final. Among the other competitors were the Hon. A. H. Grosvenor, F. W. Fison, R.A., and A. Graham Murray, Q.C.

#### YACHTING.

The Royal Yacht Squadron have had a capital week of it at Cowes, the presence of the Kaiser giving the carnival a greater note of public interest than it otherwise would have, for yachting can hardly be claimed as a popular sport. On Bank Holiday the match for the handsome cup, valued at 130 guineas, presented by the proprietor of the *Yachtsman* took place. The course, a fifty-five mile one, was round the Isle of Wight. The *Britannia*, the *Satanita*, and the *Vigilant* entered the lists, and the last-named proved the winner, her time at the finish being 5 hours 5 min. 30 sec., and the *Britannia* 5 hours 13 min. 30 sec. The *Satanita* was not within half an hour's sail when these were signalled. The *Vigilant* thus won by 8 min. 10 sec., less the 2 min. 22 sec. she was required to allow the *Britannia*. For the Queen's Cup, competed for on the following day, the *Vigilant*, unfortunately, could not enter, as her owner is not a member of the squadron. The competitors were the *Britannia*, the German Emperor's yacht, *Meteor*, and four other yachts, and was won by Admiral Montagu's *Carina*. The *Britannia* came in first, and the *Meteor* second, but the Prince of Wales's yacht was disqualified for crossing the line too soon at the start, and both she and the *Meteor* were beaten by the *Carina* on the time allowance. The race for the Squadron's prize of £100, on Wednesday, was abandoned, as of the four yachts entered—the *Britannia*, *Vigilant*, *Satanita*, and *Meteor*—only the last put in an appearance. On Thursday, the *Meteor* did not compete for the Cowes Town Cup, which was won by the *Britannia*. The Kaiser and the Prince of Wales dined on board Lord Lonsdale's yacht, and the Duke of York was one of the dinner party on the *White Lady*.

OLYMPIAN.

#### RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

It is early to talk of the steeplechase season, but already some of the trainers are preparing for races under National Hunt Rules. As usual, Swatton has plenty of good jumpers under his charge. Escott, of Lewes, has his stable full, and he is likely to do well at the winter game, as he rides at exercise himself, and is a capital judge of jumpers. A. Nightingall, at Epsom, will not want for patrons, and I hope to hear that the Prince of Wales has put a jumper or two under Arthur's care. I am sorry to hear that very few jumpers will be trained at Newmarket this winter. It is a pity that a good steeplechase meeting has not been established at the head-quarters of the Turf. The fixture held at Cheveley Park was not a big financial success, and is not likely to be repeated.

I have heard no end of grumbling about the flat-race fixture list of 1895, and it really does seem hard that those meetings which have earned good dividends should be docketed of several days' racing. In my opinion, meetings like Alexandra Park, which cater for the crowd, should be encouraged at the expense of the Newmarket gatherings, and I certainly think Kempton, which can pay 20 per cent. and a bonus, should get more rather than less fixtures in '95, as the balance-sheet shows that the paying public patronise the Sunbury enclosure freely, although, be it known that Goodwood could easily pay 20 per cent. The metropolitan racegoer will pay to see good sport within a reasonable distance of town, but he will not go to Newmarket; therefore, he should be given more meetings near to his own door.

Major Egerton will soon be busily engaged compiling the weights for the Autumn Handicaps, and he can be relied upon to give us some real puzzles. The Major is ably assisted by Mr. Mainwaring, who has never made but one serious mistake—that was when he let in Cloister for the Grand National so lightly.

It may be safely asserted that in the wondrous advance made by journalism during the past decade no branch of the daily press has joined in the move forward with greater rapidity or more effect than that section which devotes its attention to the sporting, and mainly to the racing, phases of newspaper production. This may be largely attributed to the infusion of new blood, and the consequent introduction of fresh ideas; but there is another and much more potent cause to which the last-mentioned effect is almost entirely due. The old-time racing reporter was, owing to a variety of circumstances, a sportsman or sporting man first and a journalist afterwards; while the new-comers are inclined, as well as compelled (if they desire to succeed), to devote their main attention to journalism before racing, and to thoroughly comprehend that the requirements of the press transcend the pleasures to be derived from the betting ring. Among the many prominent sporting pressmen of the new order is Mr. T. Bellas, whose signature, "Underhand," in the *Newcastle Chronicle*, is known to fame all over the North of England, not to mention the South. It was, I believe, created by the late Mr. Walton, who was for some thirty years the racing specialist of that paper, being selected in honour of the horse Underhand, who won the Northumberland Plate in three successive years, and very nearly carried off that coveted event for the fourth time. Mr. Walton was a man of wonderful capacity, and found pleasure in holding the special wire from London, and writing a column description of, say, the Derby, as fast as the telegraphist could signal it to Newcastle. He died in 1893, and his place was taken by the subject of my sketch, who had previously assisted him in his labours.

It would seem that the way to success in racing journalism is to be traversed *via* the composing department of a newspaper, for several of our most prominent authorities upon matters associated with the Turf have graduated as practical printers—though the connection between horses and hand-set type is not quite apparent—and Mr. Bellas may be included among these, for he served his apprenticeship on the *Newcastle Chronicle*, but, while so engaged, studied art and music, and at nineteen was a prominent figure at concerts in Newcastle as a popular baritone soloist, and his faculty for humorous verse subsequently attracted the attention of Sir Augustus Harris, who employed him to rearrange and localise the pantomime of "Humpty-Dumpty," performed at the Tyne Theatre in 1892-3. He also developed some taste for painting in oil, and his best efforts were exhibited in the Bewick collections, realising good prices; but he still had a fondness for horses, and, though performing the ordinary duties of a reporter, found time to attend the race meetings at Gosforth Park and elsewhere. After graduating upon the *Weekly and Evening Chronicle*, he was eventually selected as dramatic and musical critic of the *Daily Chronicle*. Here he gained considerable experience upon this interesting work, until he was selected to succeed Mr. Walton as "Underhand," his foresight, educational ability, and industry enabling him to worthily maintain a position which is regarded as one of the journalistic good things of the North of England.

#### THE WEST HIGHLAND RAILWAY.

The new railway from Helensburgh to Fort William was opened yesterday week. This line is an extension of the North British Railway Company's system, and opens out an entirely new route through magnificent mountain, lake, and river scenery. The North British Company is one of the three railways forming the East Coast route from London to Scotland, the others being the North-Eastern and Great Northern. Tourists are now able to leave by the Great Northern Railway from King's Cross Station, London, and travel in through carriages to Fort William. Other stations on the new line are Shandon, Garlochhead, Arrochar and Tarbet, Ardlui (for Loch Lomond), Crianlarich, Tyndrum, Bridge of Orchy, Rannock, Roy Bridge, Spean Bridge, &c. Ordinary and tourist tickets are issued from London (King's Cross Station) and other principal stations on the Great Northern Railway.



Photo by Barras, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

MR. THOMAS BELLAS.

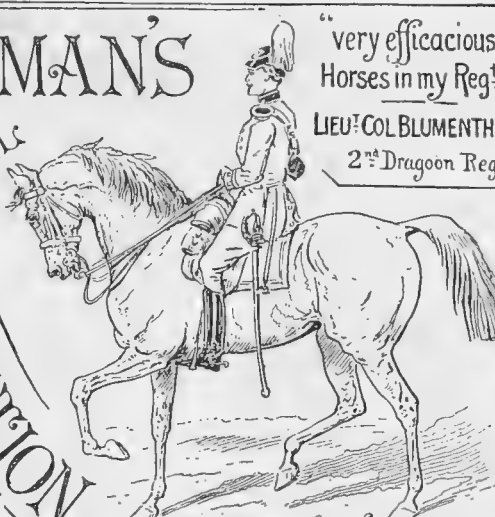


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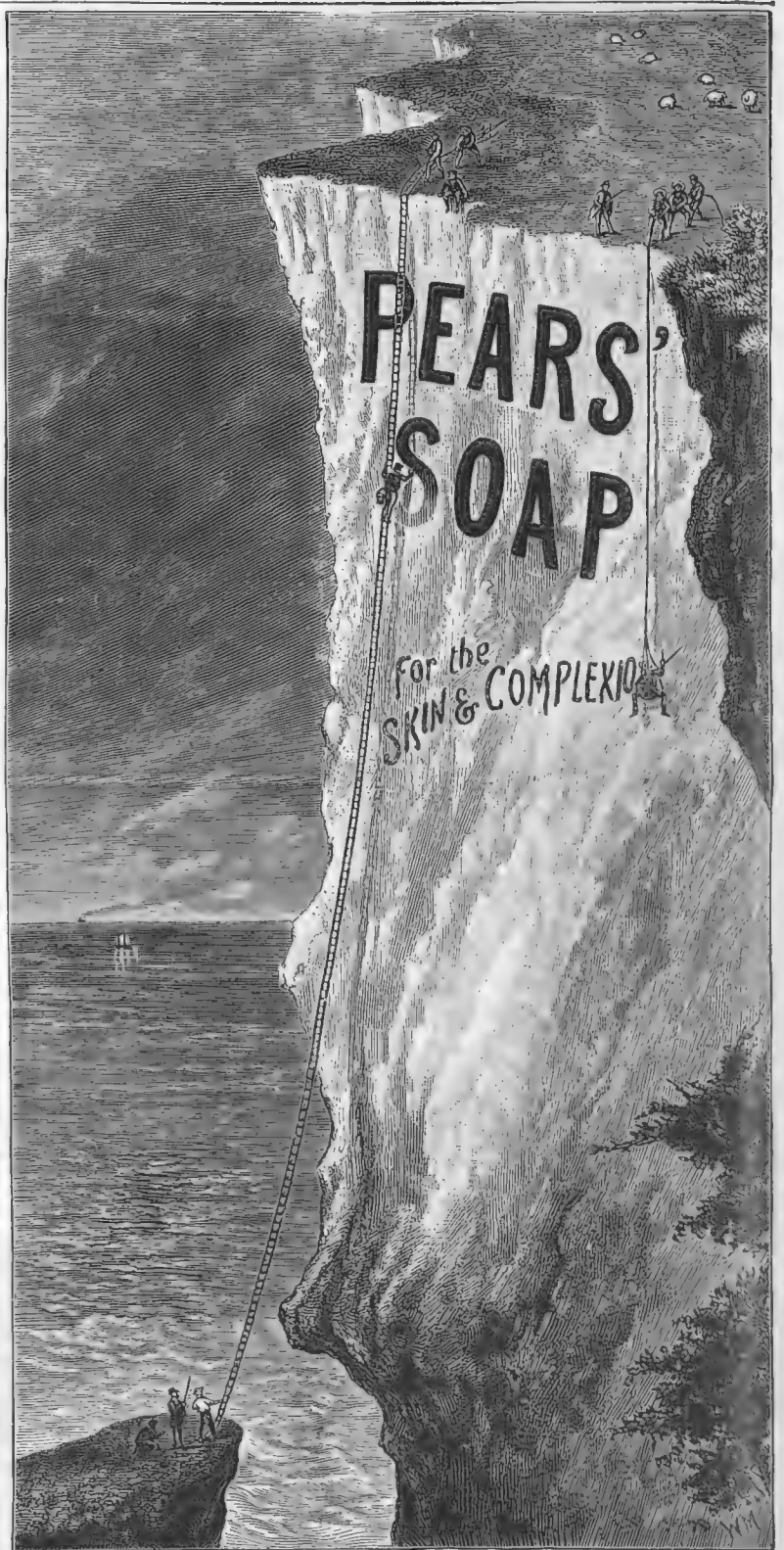
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for the skin"

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(Late President of the Royal College  
of Surgeons of England.)

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Hands and Com-  
plexion."

ADELINA PATTI.



# "LITTLE JACK SHEPPARD," AT THE GAIETY.

It was a dangerous experiment to revive at the Gaiety the most famous of the old burlesques in which Fred Leslie and Nellie Farren were the idols of the town. You may play Shakspeare with a fresh cast every night without exciting anything like the emotion which surged in many bosoms on Saturday. Miss Jessie Preston and Mr. Seymour Hicks had to pass through an ordeal of memories which were sometimes mute with disapproval and sometimes distressfully eloquent. When Mr. Hicks, in his first scene, repeated some of Fred Leslie's business—the opening of the watch with an oyster-knife, the shower of snow which he carried in a packet—tricks which, when they were new, were so spontaneous and surprising, you thought of those advertisements of lost property that is of no value except to the owner. Fred Leslie's comic invention is plainly useless as a stage tradition. His successor must invent for himself, and that Mr. Hicks is quite competent to do this was shown by the instant and complete triumph of his imitation of a tramp disguised as a millionaire, or a millionaire disguised as a tramp—I am quite uncertain which it was, but there could be no doubt as to its grotesque piquancy. Here the house laughed for the first time with perfect enjoyment and unanimity. This young comedian has plenty of original fun, and I should like to see him give full play to it. The most difficult task of the revival is Miss Jessie Preston's, and there were some ticklish moments in the first performance. For some reason, the gallery chose to be specially reminded of their old favourite in the scene which was never particularly good, even in the classic representation of this burlesque. Jack Sheppard in the condemned cell, dropping his engaging nonsense to plunge into sentiment about his misspent life and blubber over Claude Duval, his most illustrious predecessor on the gallows, is completely out of the Gaiety atmosphere. The incongruity was made all the more striking by the girlish earnestness of Miss Ellaline Terriss, who taxes herself for having driven Jack to evil ways, and kisses him on the top of his head as a sort of sanctification. It is not the fault of Miss Terriss or Miss Jessie Preston that this pathos entirely misses its aim. It has no business in the piece at all, and might be judiciously omitted. Miss Terriss is so lovely to look upon and so winning that I take it as a personal injury to see her placed in a position which does injustice to her most charming qualities. As for Miss Jessie Preston, I believe that in the end she fairly conquered her audience. She has an excellent voice, and a flow of genuine vivacity which gave a spur to the whole entertainment. Mr. Charles Danby was a capital Blueskin, and sang the old Botany Bay ballad with great spirit. Miss Amy Augarde, as Thames Darrell, sang with much taste, and when Florence Levey danced I felt that the world was only twenty-one. To be sure, there are certain signs of age in "Little Jack Sheppard." The jokes, especially the puns, do not get over the footlights with the same lissomness as of yore. But with some few excisions and less nervousness the burlesque ought to go very well.

L. F. A.

# "LOYAL," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

I wonder how many plays would not have been written if young Charles II. had not escaped from the battle of Worcester, and met by the way with various adventures of both perilous and amorous nature? Surely, the elder King Charles's head was not a more perennially fruitful theme with Mr. Dick than the younger Charles's escapes have proved with the playwrights of historic tendencies, though it must be admitted that there is generally something of a sameness about the resultant plays. Moreover, any play that deals with the episode of the hiding and hunting of the fugitive young King must necessarily suffer from a foregone conclusion; however near he may seem to be to capture, we know that no audacity or ingenuity of the dramatist can possibly alter the memorable fact of his escape. This must naturally detract from the dramatic value of any play, however well written, however skilfully constructed. Now, Mr. H. T. Johnson's one-act play, "Loyal," the latest of the "Charles II. escape" plays, is both well written and skilfully contrived, yet, for the very reasons I have stated, it is never really exciting, never dramatically stimulating. Young Charles takes refuge in the house of a staunch old Royalist, who has a young and beautiful wife, and his amorous propensities are at once aroused by the personal charms of the latter, while he does not hesitate to attempt to dishonour the husband. He is discovered by his grey-haired protector making a passionate avowal to the latter's wife, who is horrified at his treachery, and promptly reproves him with indignation. A duel between King and subject is like to happen, but we know it won't; and then the pursuing Roundheads appear, and they are brought face to face with the royal refugee; but we feel no anxiety on his account. We know the faithful old man will place his loyalty before his private wrongs and save the King, and he does. One clever and happy surprise, however, is vouchsafed to us. Charles begs his preserver to kneel for knighthood; but the old soldier, whose wife the King would have betrayed, declines the honour at his hands, and the "Merry Monarch" takes the snub bravely. This clever, if not quite unfamiliar, little play was capitally acted at the Vaudeville, where it was produced to make the 200th performance of "The New Boy" more memorable. Miss Esmé Beringer's impersonation of the faithful young wife was entirely admirable and marked by a charming distinction; it should greatly advance her reputation. Mr. Arthur Helmore found scope for some unctuous humour as a bibulous and sanctimonious Roundhead, and Mr. T. Kingston and Mr. F. Volpé gave due effect to the parts of the young King and his elderly preserver.

M. C. S.

# EXCAVATING THE EGYPTOLOGIST.

A dreary day in London, just in that dull backwater of the social current which tides us into a sort of aftermath of season, is not at all unsuitable for even a fancy trip up the Nile. Wherefore, though the best of tombs is not festive, and antiquities are mostly a bore—nay, though the chambers of the learned bodies that inhabit Burlington House must ever be solemn, save at private views and full-dress evening functions, where they are often funny—there was some prospect of a wakeful hour among the water-colours, photographs, plans, drawings, and relics from Egypt shown at the Society of Antiquaries. The room was in dim, religious light, and—well, there was no crowd.

"Who took these photographs?" asked one; and a silent apparition pointed to a young gentleman softly entering at the moment. It was Mr. J. J. Tylor, who, with his colleagues, Mr. Somers Clarke and Mr. Roller, came to explain the trophies arranged around, high and low, of their interesting winter work up the Nile.

So a brother angler had degenerated into an Egyptologist! The photographic apparatus which he had levelled at me one gorgeous June day in the Wandle meadows in the act of landing a trout had come to be employed upon such stale fry as the tombs and sculptures of El Kab, up the Nile, say half-way between Luxor and Assouan. Truly, wonders will never cease!

"Well, my dear Mr. Tylor," I observed, "you have been excavating—or, rather, exploring—the tomb chambers of defunct Pharaohs and the like to some excellent purpose, and bringing to light trifles that were put in hand at least 2000 years B.C. Will you now allow me to excavate *you*?"

Nothing loth, Mr. Tylor, his heart being full of the subject, proceeded to expound the mysteries and overwhelm me with the learning of all the Egyptians in a fashion that would have been approved of even by Moses, who had a fair enough reputation in the business, if all one hears be correct.

"But," I plaintively insinuated, "I want to use what you tell me for *The Sketch*, and the readers of that same know so much already that they would rise in their thousands if I tried the wall-drawings, monuments, and the items of the Hyskos invasion upon them."

"Then," was the bland response, "what *do* you want?"

Said the interviewer, "Personal adventures, scandals, methods of life, and the like, are all the wear at present. For example, what did you eat?"

"Ah!" said Mr. Tylor, with a faint smack of the lips at doubtless pleasant remembrances of the fleshpots. "Probably my experience of camp life would differ from Mr. Flinders Petrie's in this: I took few stores out from England, nor did I imitate him in going to little expense as to cooking or servants. My experience has been that the cost is very little greater in having a qualified camp cook, and living fairly well, depending, of course, largely upon the country for food supplies. It is easy enough to have a couple of goats or a cow. Then you can keep fowls, and we even bought and fattened lambs."

"Why, this a table spread in the wilderness with a vengeance. And what about fodder?"

"There was no difficulty at the time we were there. Things on the banks of the Nile are green in November and December till May. Of course, there are difficulties in managing a large body of men, but I make it a rule never to trust an Arab to superintend other Arabs."

"And did you dwell in tents?"

"There are two ways of camping in Egypt. You either take all your tents and stores, or, which is much preferable, you fit up some antiquated tomb chambers, put in a wooden floor, and rig up a mat for a door. Ventilation? Well, there are always apertures enough of some sort. We find it really comfortable, as we avoid excessive cold at night, and have no annoyance from wind, which is always the nuisance of a tent. One of the unpleasantnesses of this sort of camp life is the number of natives who come to be doctored. A man does not hesitate to beg you to perform some complicated operation in the open air, and the children come literally by hundreds."

"Your charnel—I beg your pardon, tomb-house was close to the Nile, I presume?"

"The first year? Yes. I had been to Egypt before, however; but five years ago I went out in the winter for my health, and took the usual trip to Luxor. Then I found that even the best books give an imperfect idea of the tombs, or rather wall-drawings of the tomb chambers, regarded from an artistic point of view. By-and-by I came to the conclusion that photography was the only means of reproducing the wall sculptures properly, and, as our collection shows, we have succeeded wonderfully. We were close to the Nile the first year; but the second winter I lived in the tombs, three-quarters of a mile off."

"A little uncanny, was it not?"

"No, very pleasant. We had the most wonderful effects from the cliffs at night as we looked at the valley of the old river. On moonlight nights I could see to read, and nearly see in starlight. Our view was right across the Nile then. But I had a man to sleep with my goats, for fear of hyenas; jackals and foxes were quite plentiful, and there were always multitudes of birds overhead on their night passage. You heard them calling, but could not see them. Some Egyptian geese nested close to our quarters."

"And as to weather?"

"I had eighteen hours' rain in three years. It is an absolutely perfect climate, the only troubles being wind and dust. The people are charming in their simplicity, but very dirty. They are easily managed, though, and I found them quite honest. During those three years I am not aware that I lost anything, though I was often there quite alone."

W. S.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

It is always advisable to take Time by the forelock where fashion is concerned, but this little feat is sometimes as difficult of accomplishment as the placing of a pinch of salt on the tail of the traditional bird of our childish days. However, with the invaluable assistance of Messrs. Jay, of Regent Street, I have managed to get a good grip of the lock in



question this week. And, first of all, I have got for you—what is infinitely better than any number of words—a sketch of two of these new gowns, both of which are, as I think you will allow, as near perfection as anything can be. Picture the first one to yourself as being composed of the new bark crêpon in black, a narrow bordering of skunk finishing the gracefully-hanging skirt. The bodice has a full, overhanging front of black accordion-pleated chiffon, the neck being encircled by a huge ruffle of the same soft and eminently becoming fabric, and the waist by cleverly-arranged bands of moiré antique, high at the back and drawn downwards in front, where they were twisted in a bow at the left side with excellent effect upon the figure. Broad straps of scintillating jet start from the shoulders, forming side-pieces to the bodice, and continuing in the shape of short, plain basques, which in their turn are bordered with a fringe of sequins and beads, the sleeves, which are full and drooping, being quite devoid of trimming.

The second dress is also in a black fancy material, and the trimming is all concentrated on the bodice, the simplicity of the skirt serving to show off its perfect cut and the inimitable grace of its full folds. Accordion-pleated chiffon—long may it reign, for there is nothing quite so pretty—is again utilised to form the bodice, a strap of dark heliotrope velvet, studded with steel buttons, passing down the centre of the front, while the side-straps are of sable and old lace, combined with glacé silk in a paler shade of heliotrope. The neckband is of velvet, and from it depend three loops of the same material and of varying length, the effect being very novel and smart, and just below the waist-line, the slimness of which is thereby accentuated considerably, is a handsome sash of black moiré, held in place by steel buckles, the ends being finished with an appliqué and fringe of steel. Let me introduce you to one more black gown, for black will be more fashionable than ever.

This one was of the still popular crêpon, the simple but wonderfully smart bodice having straps of satin ribbon round the waist, the ends

being drawn up at each side in front, where they were fastened with jet buttons. A loosely-overhanging strap of crêpon passed down the front, bordered at each side with a frill of accordion-pleated chiffon, which formed a deep, square collar at the back, the draped neckband being of satin. The skirt was absolutely plain, and I may remind you that a draped skirt was never to be found at the Maison Jay.

Now prepare to be made envious by the thought of a nut-brown serge gown, destined for a lovely woman, who is a recognised leader of society and fashion. The skirt was edged with three tiny tucks, and the Eton bodice had revers of white satin, showing the edges of under ones of brown finished with a frill of yellowish lace, which again appeared in jabot form at the neckband of white satin, which was smartly tied in a bow at the back. There was a full front of accordion-pleated brown chiffon, and the sleeves, which were full to the elbow, had three sets of tucks down the otherwise plain cuffs. Does not that sound fascinating? And yet I do not know which was more lovely, this or another dress with a plain skirt of the palest tan-coloured crêpon, and a bodice of white accordion-pleated chiffon, held in with straps of écarlate, white and black embroidery, which also formed the tiny yoke. There was a waistbelt of white satin, forming a background in front for medallions of cut jet, and at the back, pendent from straps of the embroidery and great rings of cut jet, fell two knotted scarves of white chiffon. The eye of woman never saw and the heart of woman never desired anything more absolutely beautiful, and Mr. Hiley is to be heartily congratulated on this, his latest inspiration, which will undoubtedly rank among his most notable successes. It was hard to turn away from such a thing of beauty, but a dress of white glacé with a square broken check in black demanded attention, for it had a lovely bodice of white chiffon, held in by a deep corselet of handsome écarlate guipure, a strap of the check silk passing down the front, and a vivid touch of colour being introduced in the neckband of geranium-pink velvet. It had, too, one of the graceful and fashionably worn sashes, composed of white moiré, and falling in two long broad ends at each side of the back. Now we will go back to our first love—black—and mentally contemplate a serge gown, made with a little Eton coat bodice, with revers of white moiré opening over a full vest of white chiffon, held in by a waistband of white moiré; while there was a draped neckband of white net, arranged in a great, outstanding pleat at each side, and forming a charming framework for a fresh young face. Then I am not capable of passing over in silence one more black crêpon gown (it is the



[Continued on page 165,



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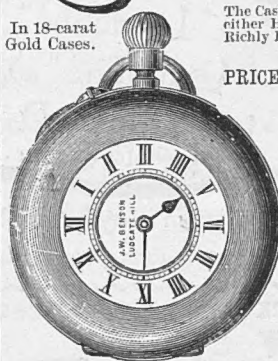
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only to protect my new Hat, my dear."



last), the bodice—which looked as if it had been woven round the figure, so absolutely plain and tight-fitting was it, and so artfully were all indications of fastening hidden—having a tightly-folded waistband, terminating at the back in an outspreading bow of finely pleated black glacé, fastened with a triple-bar diamond ornament, a similar, but slightly smaller, bow being placed at the throat in front. Threefold loops of black satin fell from the waistband at each side, and for a slim figure this arrangement was admirable.

The autumn millinery at the Maison Jay was quite as fascinating as the gowns. One hat, before which there was no need to invite me to linger, had a crown of silk beaver—which is to be much worn—in an exquisite shade of golden brown, and a flat, plate-like brim of satin antique

in a wonderful shade of blue; while sundry ostrich tips in the same beautiful brown were arranged round the crown, two longer feathers drooping over the brim at the back, and a brown aigrette rising from the feathers at the left side. I always come to the conclusion when I see Messrs. Jay's millinery that feathers form the most beautiful and artistic trimming which it is possible to have; but that is because they are arranged to perfection and with just that wonderful knack without which feathers do not look beautiful on a hat, however lovely they may be in themselves. Black satin antique was used to form a very chic toque, combined

with tiny ostrich tips and a handsome aigrette; and then for absolute novelty let me commend to your special notice a hat of black silk beaver, with a satin brim, the trimming consisting of three rosettes composed of dyed skeleton fern-leaves (!), with touches of cream guipure appliqué, with which the aigrette was also tipped. Surely that is original enough to satisfy anyone, and it was charmingly pretty, too, the effect of those airy, wonderfully-veined rosettes being lovely, while the aigrette was also a distinct feature.

For smartness and usefulness combined, nothing could be better than a black felt sailor-shaped hat, trimmed at each side with a brilliant buckle, fastening a bow of moiré antique and a cluster of prettily-curving coque feathers, jetted down the centre; and then, as a bonnet we must have, what do you think of one with a brim formed of kilted fans of white cloth, the open-work jet crown being bordered with folds of the cloth, a suggestion of black velvet being also introduced, while the front was adorned with a black osprey, glistening with touches of jet? Just then I came across two hats which demanded more than description; here they are sketched for you, so that you can appreciate their beauty to the full. One is of green mirror velvet, two large black parrots being placed squarely in front, and two more of the same size being set under the brim at each side of the back. I have not seen such an effective arrangement before.

I leave you to settle the rival claims of this charming piece of head-gear, and the other equally fascinating hat, which is of mirror velvet in an indescribably beautiful shade of dark blue, points of black guipure lace being laid on to the fluted brim, and the draped crown being caught with a steel buckle, and surrounded by a twist of satin ribbon in a lighter but equally wonderful shade of blue, which also forms the long-knotted bows, which fall on to the hair at the back.

FLORENCE.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

All the world has gone, or is going, holiday-making, and I, too, have my mind set on a holiday. A walk through part of Switzerland seems a highly proper and not too luxurious form of outing. But I fear that I may be checked on the threshold of the daring enterprise by an unexpected difficulty. It is agreed between myself and my walking partner that we shall have a knapsack between us, and I have been viewing several knapsacks with design to purchase one. I am deeply sorry to say that the common knapsack is a snare and a delusion.

That is, if the knapsack I saw is a common one. I hope it is not, but I fear it may be, for there have been numerous Alpine fatalities of late. This engine of fate was built of dark waterproof, with girders of aggressively yellow leather riveted along its ridges. It was a wild and malevolent chaos of flaps and straps, and it had no more shape than Milton's Death. It reminded one more of an octopus than of anything else. One felt that with that on one's back anything might happen. The creature might break loose at any moment—or, rather, get tight and not break—and throw a strap round one's throat and strangle one before a comrade could bring his ice-axe to bear. I looked at it, and thought, shuddering, of Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea."

To close this awful contrivance, one had to fasten over four waterproof flaps, and then one huge flap fell over all—to keep out the rain, I was told. There seemed enough thicknesses to keep out a rifle-bullet. A knapsack of this kind, especially if well stocked with buns from Swindon Junction, might defy all but the heaviest artillery. Only, our soldiers would have either to wear the knapsack in front, or to train themselves to march backwards on the foe. And even then they might be hit in the legs.

But why not make the knapsack like a satchel, opening at the top only, with an ample cover to fit over the opening? Then no rain would enter, and the four hideous flaps could be dispensed with at once. Then a neat and light framework of aluminium tubing might replace the futile bits of osier that pretend to keep some semblance of shape on one side of the knapsack. Then the colours of the knapsack and its leather fittings might be chosen with some reference to the suits against which it is likely to stand out—in short, a trim, light, and convenient article might replace the loathly thing from which I turned away. I am not, I trust, a coward. I can face a minor poet after reviewing him, or a dramatic critic of whom I have purchased no "curtain-raiser"; but I draw the line at trusting that knapsack behind my back.

Politics have sunk into their customary silly season lethargy, though Parliament still meets and pretends to do business, and will not even adjourn for a Bank Holiday. Part of this lack of interest is probably due to the disappearance from the public view and interest of two important figures—Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery. It is natural that the ex-Premier should fall out of the public ken somewhat; it is not altogether natural that his successor should so soon be forgotten that his Chancellor of the Exchequer can be entertained at a banquet, and make a long speech on the political situation, and never so much as hint at the existence of the Premier. The little spurt of interest in Lord Rosebery, aroused by the great doings of Ladas, waned when Ladas was beaten once and again by Isinglass, and will hardly be revived even if the St. Leger falls to the Derby winner.

But chief of his disadvantages is the fact that there is nothing special to mark him off from the rest of mankind. Caricatures of him obstinately refuse to be remembered. One gets a vague idea of someone looking rather young and chubby—a sort of New Boy—and that is all. Gladstonian collars, Harcourtian chins, Balfourian legs and golf-club, Disraelite curl, Randolphian moustache are not for him. He remains an abstraction. Now, no part of this Disunited Kingdom likes to be governed by a generalisation.

It is the privilege of a few men in each generation to impress themselves and their personalities deeply on the public mind. They need not necessarily be great men, or do anything particular, but they must have the indefinable *something* that marks a man off from his fellows. He who has not this mysterious quality may be an excellent figurehead for a party, but a leader he will never be. And Lord Rosebery, like Count Caprivi, Mr. Justin McCarthy, most French Prime Ministers, and most American Presidents, suffers from the haunting, hardly definable, feeling that he would make an excellent leader—if only he could manage to exist,

MARMITON.





## NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

*"All is not Gold that Glitters."*

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Aug. 11, 1894.

The next settlement in Consols begins on the 31st inst. and ends on the 3rd prox., and the next settlement in Railway and Miscellaneous stocks and shares begins next Monday and ends on Wednesday.

The market opened strong for Home Rails after the holidays, the North-Western dividend being fully  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. better than the market expected or than the published traffics indicated, and the stock rose 4.

The extent to which published traffics are public traps is being much commented on in the market. There is a good deal to be said for publishing the weekly traffic returns, and there is something to be said for suppressing them, but there is nothing to be said for publishing figures which are untrue.

On Wednesday the strength in Home Rails was assisted by a deal in Brighton A's, attributed to the house of Rothschild, and rapidly followed by other operators.

The Parliamentary return of railway statistics for 1893 issued yesterday is satisfactory, the traffic receipts being £80,631,892, as against £78,529,314 in 1892, and the working expenses £45,695,119, as against £45,717,965 in 1892.

The buoyancy soon extended to other markets, and even Yankees grew strong on rumours that an informal arrangement had been come to about the sugar clauses in the Tariff Bill.

Even Allsopps, which fell 3 between the closing of the market on Friday and the reopening on Tuesday, could not resist the general contagion, and closed strong at 98 last night, in spite of the statement in Tuesday's *Financial News* that Mr. Grenfell's resignation was due to his disapproval of any dividend at all being declared. At the meeting on Thursday Mr. Grenfell denied this, but admitted that there had been friction on the Board—"friction of the right sort," whatever that means.

We should like to know whether this friction was (as alleged by the *Financial News*) "owing to the manipulation of the stock for market purposes, and to the necessity which the false position has imposed of doing something to avert the consequences of a great disappointment to recent shareholders." The "further heavy fall," predicted as imminent, has not yet taken place, and we should be sorry to advise anyone to "bear" the stock; but we do think there are better and cheaper stocks than "slops" at 98, and we advise holders who are not speculators to take advantage of the present opportunity of getting a good price for a dubious investment.

The Atchison shindy still attracts considerable attention. Mr. President Reinhart's reply to Mr. Little's accusations has been laid before the Reorganisation Committee, and it is reported that Mr. Fleming, of the London Committee, and Mr. Luden, representing Messrs. Hope of Amsterdam, do not consider it satisfactory; but the market seems to think that, as we said last week, the worst is known and has been made the most of. At the same time, it must be remembered that Mr. Little has by no means finished his investigation. It is not improbable that the scheme of reconstruction may have to be modified, and meanwhile the efforts of the Reorganisation Committee to get President Reinhart and Mr. McCook removed from the receivership of the company have promptly produced the resignation of the President.

Some shrewd judges of values are of opinion that at present prices New York, Ontario, and Western shares are a good purchase. In 1892, with a balance of 207,019 dollars after fixed charges, the shares stood at 20, and to-day they are only 17, although the balance is 419,600 dollars, notwithstanding the fact that the fixed charges are about 57,000 dollars higher than last year.

The Board of Trade returns for July deserve the most careful study. They are unfavourable, and, on a casual study, very unfavourable—worse than those of June. The imports have fallen to £31,845,553, a decrease of 4.3 per cent., equal to £1,447,638; and the exports to £18,398,536, a decrease of 6.4 per cent., equal to £1,252,838. It is not to be gainsaid that these are disagreeable figures, but a detailed examination brings out the following hopeful points: (1) That we are paying far less for our food supplies than we paid last year; (2) that English farmers are more than holding their own in the egg trade, the imports of eggs for the month being actually 199,160 "great hundreds" less than in July, 1893; (3) that on the side of exports there is an increase of £137,018 in coal, and that one of the few other increases is in "chemicals." The late Lord Beaconsfield was supposed to be joking when he declared that this modest item was often a good indication of the future course of trade; but it appears that his Lordship knew what he was talking about, and was not a little surprised to find he had been credited with one more joke than he was entitled to.

With calm audacity, Ecuador pursues her rascally course. She has laid her hands on the 10 per cent. additional customs duty, "the only and exclusive fund assigned for the payment of the debt," as the new decree placidly remarks, and orders it to be "placed on deposit in one of the banks now existing at Guayaquil," until the wretched bondholders submit to what the Senate, with unconscious irony, describes as "an arrangement in accordance with equity." Surely it is time to inquire how much longer the British taxpayer is to pay £1550 a-year for the pleasure of keeping her Britannic Majesty represented in a dishonest little dog-hole like Ecuador. Personally, we should like to see her Majesty represented at Guayaquil by a couple of gunboats, and a polite intimation that they had come to remove the deposit of the bondholders' money from "one of the banks now existing at Guayaquil."

The new Greek proposals to be laid before the bondholders on Tuesday appear to be the old proposals with a new coat on, but they will probably be accepted, although France and Germany are both more or less antagonistic. A Greek bondholder is almost certain to be a man who understands the last of the beatitudes, "Blessed is he who expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed."

The Court has sanctioned the reduction of capital by the Industrial and General Trust, and the old preference shareholders will now get their dividend.

The Prior Lien debentures of the Trustees and Executors went very well. Not even prejudice could prevent such a gilt-edged 4 per cent. debenture from being taken keenly at 97. They are now difficult to buy at par. You may expect the report of the Investigation Committee next week. We understand it will indicate some considerable sums for which the old Board is responsible, and its advent is anticipated with trepidation in more than one quarter.

The Absolute Assurance Company, dear Sir, should be left absolutely alone. If anyone presses you to take either policies or shares, ask him if he is willing to refer you to a gentleman who was asked to become a director and who refused, so that you may inquire his reasons for that refusal.

The Metropolitan District Railway appears to have made an excellent bargain in letting to the London Exhibitions Company for £5000 a-year what has hitherto only brought in an uncertain £2000. We hope the bargain will prove equally profitable for the Exhibitions Company, but we cannot advise you to buy shares in the latter—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

## COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

We have received the following prospectuses—

JOHN DICKINSON AND CO., LIMITED.—The London Trust Company, Limited, offer £200,000 of 5 per cent. cumulative preference shares at par, but the prospectus gives no information on which it is possible to form any reliable opinion as to the value of these shares. No balance-sheet is furnished, and no statement as to what the assets consist of or as to what is their value. It is said that there is an ordinary share capital of £250,000, "held by the directors, their relatives, and friends," but so meagre is the information doled out to intending investors that it is impossible to say from the prospectus what is paid up on these shares or for what consideration they were issued. There is certainly nothing to indicate that in 1886 the amount paid up in cash only amounted to £6000, while no less than £296,000 was returned as credited on shares issued as fully paid. There is also nothing to indicate that the next year an arrangement was come to by which a sum of apparently about £25,000 was obtained for the company by four shareholders disposing of certain shares and lending the proceeds to the company without interest except in certain contingencies. The prospectus states that of the present issue of 2000 £100 preference shares "160 shares have already been allocated," but this does not mean that they have been paid for in cash. It means that these shares have been issued as fully paid, and exchanged against a similar quantity of ordinary shares. It seems strange that the prospectus says nothing about this. There is a very, very cautious certificate "submitted" by a firm of chartered accountants, though there is no offer to produce even the memorandum and articles of association! We presume the issue is merely formal, for the purpose of getting a quotation, but for those who like investing their money blindfold the shares are suitable enough. The company reserves the right to issue £50,000 more of them.

THE CITY OF MONTREAL offers, through the Bank of Montreal, at 104 per cent., £410,958 18s. (being the equivalent of 2,000,000 dollars) 4 per cent. Sterling Registered Consolidated Debenture Stock, repayable at par on Nov. 1, 1932. The stock is transferable at the Bank of Montreal, where the interest will be paid half-yearly, on May 1 and Nov. 1, by dividend warrants. The subscriptions are payable £5 per cent. on application, £29 on allotment, £35 on Sept. 1, and £35 on Oct. 1. The issue is made for the purpose of redeeming and consolidating bonds which are maturing, and for public works and other purposes. From the statement of the City Treasurer of Montreal, it would seem that the issue is amply secured, and it is already, no doubt, more than covered.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Through pressure on our space, answers to some of our correspondents are unavoidably held over till next week.

G. E. R.—We thank you for the three circulars which you send us. The matter will be looked into.

Why is champagne so expensive? Very much because so few people can use their own judgment in selection. They pay 84s. for well-known brands of the 1884 vintage, when they could probably get a wine which they like equally well for 52s. To obtain the well-known and old-established brands they have to pay several profits—the grower's, the shipper's, and the wine merchant's. An experiment is, however, being tried by a firm of shippers, Messrs. Lacoste and Co., of 72, Mark Lane, in doing away with the intermediate profits and offering the public a really excellent and high-class champagne of the much-prized 1884 vintage at the low price of 52s. per dozen. Champagne drinkers who can trust their own palates in selection would do well to compare this wine with that for which they are paying 50 per cent. higher prices.